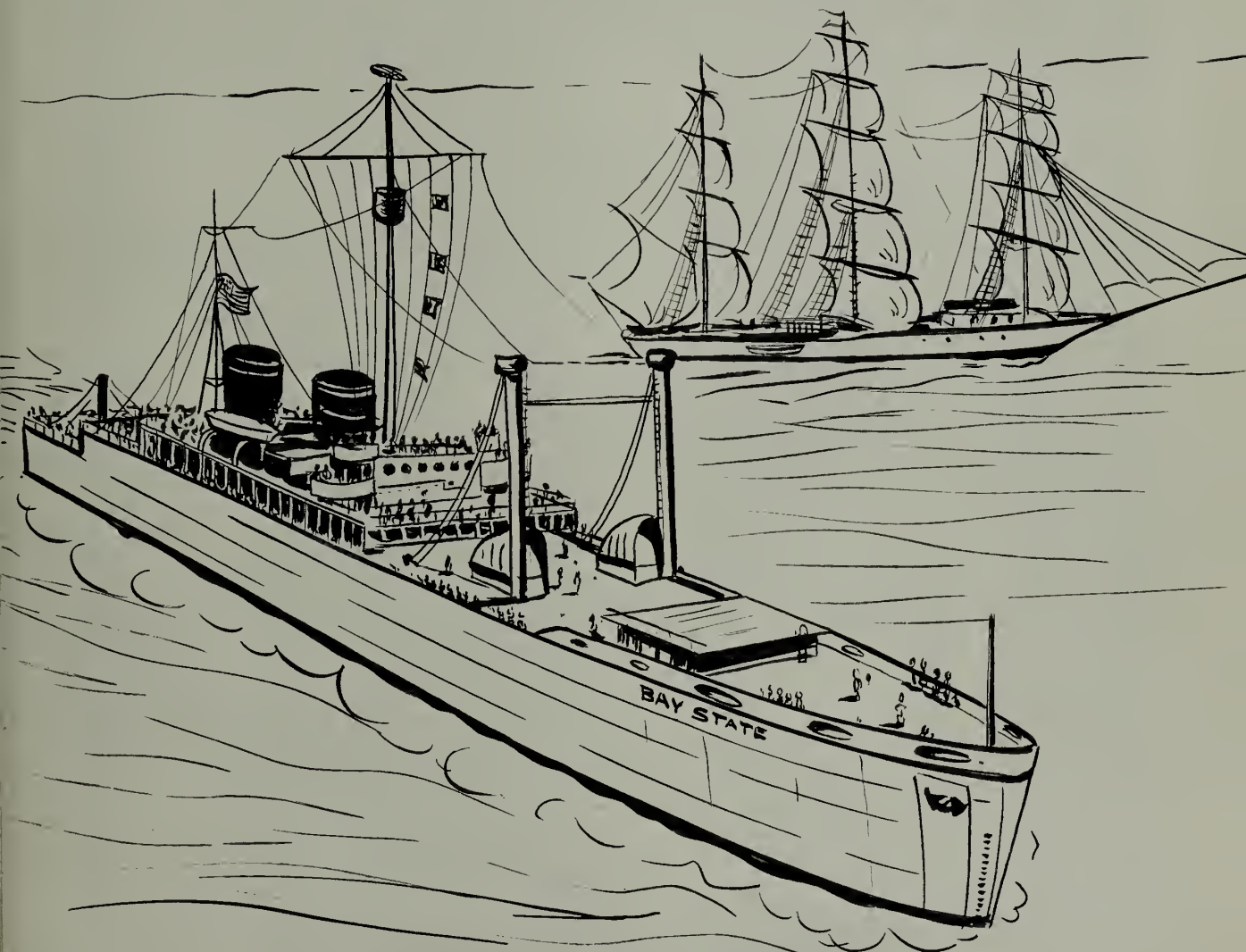
The Class of 1960

presents...

THE MUSTER



PAUL W. SIMPSON
Editor

NORMAN N. NILSEN
Associate Editor

FRANCIS C. DOUGHERTY
Literary

RUSSELL J. ST. JEAN
JOHN E. MORRIS
Business

In Appreciation.....

THOMAS F. DORSEY

To you, Thomas F. Dorsey, this book is dedicated. We feel that the interest and personal concern in our development which you have so often displayed over these critical years has left an indelible impression. You will always be remembered as an important integral force encountered during our professional training.

Your sincerity of purpose with which you attack your problems has, at many times during our association with you, aided us with the solution of our own problems.

Finally, we wish to say good-bye, not as cadets, but as men; with appreciation and respect for a fine officer and staunch friend.

Lt. Thomas F. Dorsey

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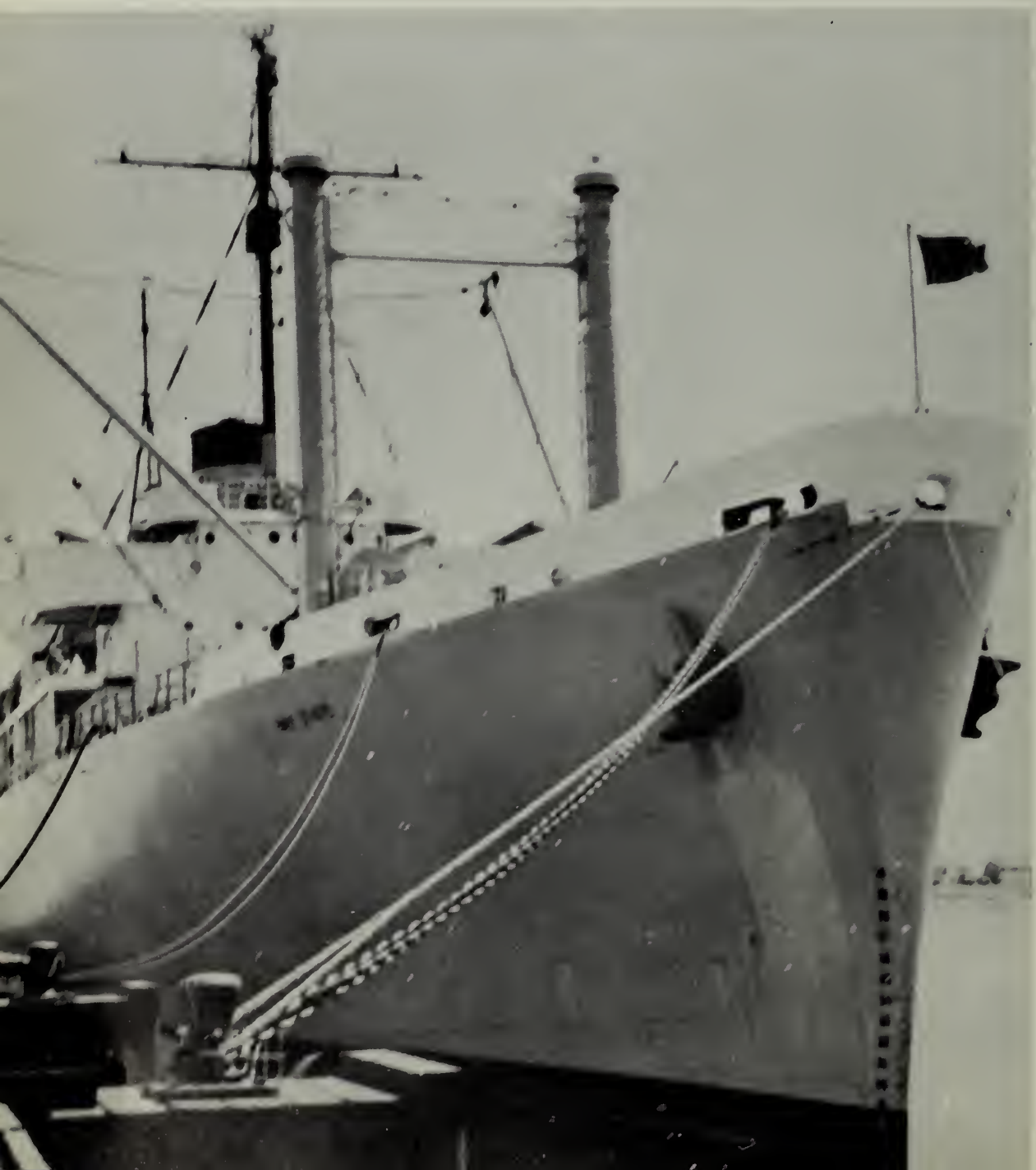


FOREWORD

In the following pages of this edition of the MUSTER, we, the graduating class, have endeavored to express our thanks.

Reflections of the past three years have been captured and recorded as we lived them. In so doing, we have become increasingly aware of the debt we owe to the officers and crew of the training ship BAY STATE.

For each member of the class to express his thanks individually would indeed be a difficult task. Therefore, it is through these pages that we offer our heartfelt gratitude to those who contributed so greatly toward our education.

OFFICE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT

WASHINGTON

May 16, 1960

Dear Mr. Simpson:

It is indeed a pleasure to congratulate, through the pages of The Muster, the members of the 1960 graduating class of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

In the years to come, I think you will find that what seems to be luck comes to those who have done their homework. The phrase, "he is lucky" more often than not applies to a person who has prepared himself to take advantage of the breaks when they come his way.

To win a battle in which words are artillery and ideas have the impact of missiles, we need minds of broad caliber and depth of intellect. People are not born with minds like this; but they can develop them. For this reason study, reading and intellectual discipline in an atmosphere of freedom will in the long run, be the major strengths in the free world arsenal. And today's graduates who tomorrow will have to assume leadership in this battle, must be prepared to meet the challenge.

With best wishes to each of you in the years ahead,

Sincerely,

Richard Nixon

Mr. Paul W. Simpson
Editor
The Muster
Massachusetts Maritime Academy
Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

Foster Furcolo
Governor

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts
Executive Department
State House, Boston

May 17, 1960

TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY:

It is an official honor and a personal pleasure to extend the greetings of the Commonwealth to each of you on the occasion of your graduation from the Massachusetts Maritime Academy.

Your years at the Academy have provided you with the knowledge necessary for success in your chosen work. Your training also has developed the qualities of initiative and self-dicipline which will stand you in good stead both in your work and in your roles as responsible citizens of your communities.

You have a high standard to maintain as you follow in the footsteps of many other graduates whose efforts and achievements have brought credit and honor to the Academy and to this state.

With best wishes for every success in all your endeavors, I am

Sincerely yours,

Foster Furcolo

FOSTER FURCOLO
Governor

F/da

ADMINISTR

ATION

In every organization there must be a hard core about which the whole structure can revolve. The outer edges may change in form from time to time, but the unifying inner area must always remain constant and strong. At the Academy this central strength is formed by the faculty.

When we reflect back upon our education, we come to realize how much this is true. It is with great pride, therefore, that we are able to introduce each member of the Administration.

SUPERINTENDENT

Rear Admiral JOHN W. THOMPSON
Massachusetts Nautical School
Class of 1912

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

TO THE CLASS OF 1960 - MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

Congratulations:

This one hundred and eighteenth graduation of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy is significant to you young officers in many ways.

It marks an arrival and a departure, a farewell and an introduction. The close of the first phase of your chosen profession is here, and the door is opened upon your next endeavor, whether it be a Merchant Marine ship, or service with the Navy, or in an associated field ashore. You will bid shipmates, classmates and the Faculty goodbye and step forth and take your places with those who have gone before you. You are qualified and possess the "know-how" to do the job.

It hasn't been easy sailing, these few brief years in the Academy, but you will look back upon these years as something fine and never to be forgotten.

Your Classmates, your Instructors, your respective Families, and your fellow Alumni will all be looking in your direction, to follow your course as you climb the ladder of achievement in this highly competitive world.

May you attain every ambition, enjoy good health and a full happy life, whatever your destiny.

God speed and smooth sailing.

John W. Thompson
Rear Admiral U.S.M.S.
Superintendent

COMMANDING OFFICER

Captain Richard T. Rounds, USNR
Massachusetts Nautical School
Class of 1926

Meteorology Instructor

It is certainly proper that a man who has spent many of his productive years working for the benefit of the Academy be the Commanding Officer of its training ship.

Captain Rounds graduated from the Nautical School in 1926 to sail aboard Standard Oil Company tankers, and several months later commenced a three-year stay with the United Fruit Company.

Early in 1930, he returned to the schoolship, this time as an instructor. When the Navy took over the school in 1942, most of the officers were shifted to active duty. Such was the case with Captain Rounds, when he was made Executive Officer of an AKA and then an APA in the Pacific. Command of an APA followed, a post he held until his release from active duty and his return to the Academy in 1946.

Not only does Captain Rounds have his Master's license for steam and diesel powered ships, but he is also one of the few men presently holding a master's license from the Coast Guard for square rigged sailing vessels.

COMMAND

Captain Louis A. Woodland, USNR

Executive Officer
Ship Construction Instructor

Captain Woodland graduated from the Massachusetts Nautical School, in 1929, the top man in his class. He started his career at sea as junior deck officer aboard U.S. Line's famous LEVIATHIAN. He also worked for the Grace Lines, sailing to South America, before returning to the schoolship as an instructor in 1934.

During World War II, he was on duty with the Navy in the Pacific in various capacities including Executive Officer aboard an attack transport. After the war he returned to the Maritime Academy to work his way to the upper echelon of the administration of the school where he is now Executive Officer.

Among his many qualifications, Captain Woodland has a Bachelor of Science Degree from Massachusetts Maritime Academy and holds a Master's license.

Commander James M. Murray, USNR

Chief Engineer
Instructor of Thermo Dynamics, Steam Engines, and Atomic Power

The BAY STATE'S Chief Engineer graduated from an earlier Massachusetts schoolship, the famous NANTUCKET in 1935. Upon receiving his Marine Engineer's License, Cdr. Murray sailed with Eastern Steamship and Cities Service, and by the time he was 25 years old he had his Chief Engineer's License.

Entering the Navy as a Lieutenant (jg) in 1942, he saw action in many of the major campaigns in the Pacific, including Okinawa and Guam. At the war's end, he left active duty with the Navy to become the Chief Engineer of the Maine Maritime Academy schoolship.

Returning to the Massachusetts Maritime Academy in 1947, Cdr. Murray became the school's Chief Engineer and he holds this position as head of the Academy's Engineering Department, as well as an unlimited Chief Steam and Diesel Engineer's License.

Commander William J. Connors, USNR

Navigator
Navigation Instructor

Commander Connors is another of the school's instructors who started his seafaring career at the Massachusetts Nautical School. He learned the ways of seamen aboard the NANTUCKET, and upon graduating in 1932, he went to sea with the American Hawaiian Lines, as quartermaster.

From American Hawaiian, Commander Connors went with Mallory Lines tankers working his way from third mate to chief mate. He has held for twenty years an unlimited master's license.

He came to teach at the Massachusetts Nautical School in 1940 and stayed until 1942 when he went into the Navy as Executive Officer on the tanker NEOSHO. Several months later he was given command of the tanker NESPELEN and in her finished out the war.

Commander Connors returned to the Maritime Academy in 1946 and is now head of the Navigation Department.

SEAMANSHIP AND NAVIGATION

LCDR. Lucian T. Page, USMS
Third Division Officer
Seamanship Instructor

Mr. Page, an officer who has gained the respect of all who know him by reason of his professional skill, started his sea career aboard the NANTUCKET. Upon graduation in 1932, he went to sea for American Export Lines on one of the famous Four Aces. Leaving Export in 1935, he went into Isthmian around-the-world service finally becoming chief mate on the STEEL NAVIGATOR.

By 1940, Mr. Page had his Master's license and within two years had ascended to the top of the maritime profession, that of pilot on the Panama Canal. Mr. Page stayed on the Canal until 1948, when he returned to Massachusetts and the Maritime Academy. He received his Bachelor of Science degree from the school in 1951.

LCDR. Paul G. Hirst, USMS
First Lieutenant
Admiralty Law Instructor

Mr. Hirst is a graduate of the Massachusetts Nautical School. He received his training on the NANTUCKET and upon graduation in 1926, went to sea in the Merchant Marine.

He has sailed in every capacity from seaman in the forecastle to chief mate; with Mallory Lines, Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, Luckenback Lines, Sprague Steamship Company and Waterman Steamship Company.

When the Second World War broke out, Mr. Hirst went to sea under the War Shipping Board in the North Atlantic and Mediterranean areas, with a side trip to Murmansk in Russia.

He then came ashore to teach nautical subjects in the Maritime Service Upgrade School in Boston. With this as a background, he operated the Bay State Navigation School for a year before reporting to the Maritime Academy in 1948.

Mr. Hirst holds a Bachelor of Science Degree from Massachusetts Maritime Academy and is licensed as a Master in the Merchant Marine.

Lt. Alan McNaughton, USNR
Second Division Officer
Communications Instructor

Mr. McNaughton was in several Academy "firsts." He was a first classman when the school made its first West Coast Cruise. The object of this cruise was, of course, to pick up the fondly remembered CHARLESTON which was the school's first steamship. Upon graduation in 1949, Mr. McNaughton and his classmates were the first to receive a Bachelor of Science Degree from the Academy.

United States Lines followed the schoolship in Mr. McNaughton's career. He sailed on their Australia-Far East run until 1954 when he went in the Navy for a two-year tour of active duty.

After being released from active duty, he returned to the New England area to sail tankers for Boston Fuel Transport. Including his Master's license and degree, Mr. McNaughton holds pilot's papers from Portland, Maine, to Providence, Rhode Island.

ENGINEERING

Commander William Hemmerly, USNR

Electrical Division Officer
Electricity and Refrigeration Instructor

A graduate of the Massachusetts Nautical School in the Class of 1936, Commander Hemmerly sailed with Standard Oil of New Jersey on their tankers for six years until the outbreak of World War II. He entered the Navy and became an engineering officer on the USS CONWAY and then USS SHANNON. Mr. Hemmerly was in on many of the Pacific campaigns and distinguished himself by winning twelve battle stars. He was honored personally for keeping the engines of his ship in operation even though she had sustained heavy battle damage.

After the war, Cmdr. Hemmerly came ashore to operate a refrigeration plant on the West Coast. After two years he came to the Cape where he took a position at the Maritime Academy as one of the engineering instructors.

LCDR. James D. Crosby, USNR

Auxiliary Division Officer
Diesel Instructor

LCDR. Crosby is a graduate of the Massachusetts Nautical School, Class of 1931, whereupon he went to sea with the United Fruit Company. He stayed with the Fruit Company for ten years, raising his engineering license to chief.

The year 1942 found Mr. Crosby in the Navy serving as Cadet Training Instructor in Panama. He stayed with the cadets of King's Point to become that school's chief engineer on its training ship.

At the end of the war, Mr. Crosby returned to sea aboard the ships of the Sword Lines. Three years had been spent in their employment when he returned to teach young men the tricks of marine engineering at his old Alma Mater in 1948.

Lt. Frederick H. G. Wright, USNR

Boiler Division Officer
Instructor of Boilers and Property of Materials

The Maritime Academy can be proud to count Mr. Wright among its graduates. After graduation in 1943, he served aboard the Navy's USS TATUM. While in the Navy, he saw action in the Philippines and Okinawa. The end of the war found Mr. Wright with plans to go to sea in the Merchant Marine. He sailed Marine Transport Lines, Sheppard Lines, Continental Oil, and Keystone Lines until 1957 when he came to the Academy as an instructor.

ENGINEERING

LCDR Harold C. Pratt, USN (Ret.)
Radio Electronics Instructor

Mr. Pratt's sea career commenced when he enlisted in the Navy in Tampa, Florida in 1933. The Navy's electrical school followed with a steady rise up through the ranks. By the time a decade of Naval service had been completed, he had become an Ensign.

During the last World War, Mr. Pratt served in many capacities and saw action in major Pacific and North African campaigns. His Naval duty continued with a steady rise in rank until 1953 when he became a Lieutenant Commander.

Mr. Pratt retired in 1956 and joined the staff here at the Academy in 1958.

Lt. Mario Tonello, USMS
Machinery Division Officer

Mr. Tonello enlisted in the Navy in 1941 and received his training at Newport, Rhode Island. His first assignment consisted of convoy duty in the U.S.S. WAINRIGHT, escorting cargo ships to Murmansk. Aboard the WAINRIGHT, he saw such action as the invasion of North Africa, the Anzio Invasion, Okinawa, and the Battle of the Sea of Japan. Mr. Tonello mustered out of the Navy as a Chief Machinist's Mate, and from there he started his own repair service. He remained in this position until 1950 when he came to the Academy. He received his Second Assistant's papers in 1950 and was commissioned in the United States Merchant Service in 1953.

Lt. Angus E. MacLeod, USMS
Assistant Division Officer
Shop Theory Instructor

Mr. MacLeod started his sea career by becoming an apprentice machinist at the Bethelem Shipyard in Quincy, Mass. After watching ships come in and out, he decided to go to sea and signed on as an oiler on a Waterman Line ship. After sailing for a time, he entered the U.S. Maritime Service Officer's Training School and sat for his third's in steam and diesels in September of 1944. In 1946 he raised his license to second. He has sailed with such companies as Marine Transport, American Foreign, Eastern, and Moran Towing.

Lt. MacLeod has been in the Academy's engineering department since 1948.

ACADEMIC

Commander Admont G. Clark, USCGR

Assistant Division Officer
English Instructor

An honor graduate of Amherst College, Commander Clark first went to sea in 1942 when, as a graduate of the Coast Guard Officer Candidate School, he became navigator of the cutter GRESHAM in Atlantic convoy duty. He stayed in the GRESHAM for a year and then was transferred to the Pacific, where he was given command of the freighter F-51. After a memorable voyage to the South Seas, the ship was kept busy carrying supplies for the fighting forces until the end of the war.

Upon his release from active duty, Commander Clark returned to Cape Cod and in 1947 joined the ranks of the instructors at the Maritime Academy.

Recalled to active duty in 1952, Commander Clark served as Assistant Reserve Director in the First Coast Guard District and then as Chief of the Training Section, Reserve Division, Coast Guard Headquarters, before returning to the Academy in 1955.

Commander John M. Cease, USN (Ret.)

Academic Assistant to the Superintendent
First Division Officer
Mathematics Instructor

Commander Cease came to the Maritime Academy after retirement from the Navy. A graduate of the U.S. Naval Academy, Class of '39, he earned distinction as a plebe by receiving the Gold Life-Saving Medal (Treasury Department) for rescuing a skater who had fallen through the ice.

Upon graduation, he was assigned duty in the Pacific Fleet where he participated in every major campaign of World War II.

In addition to his many other duties while in the Navy, Commander Cease had charge of midshipmen at the USNR Midshipmen's School, Columbia University, N. Y., was First Lieutenant in the aircraft carrier INDEPENDENCE taking part in the initial test of the atomic bomb at Bikini, and had command of the USS FRANK KNOX during the Korean Conflict. While commanding this ship he was awarded the Bronze Star with Combat Distinguishing Device.

Commander Cease is also a graduate of the U.S. Army Command and General Staff College (1956) and holds a Master of Arts (Education) degree from Jackson College, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Lieutenant Thomas F. Dorsey, USMS

Muster Advisor
Social Sciences Instructor

Mr. Dorsey's first contact with the sea was aboard the charter schooner TANAGER where he sailed as a member of the deck crew. Rigging work with the Bethelem Steel Shipbuilding Company on Staten Island paved the way for his entrance to the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy in 1944. He went to sea to gain time towards a third mate's license which he got after preparations at the USMS Officer's School at Alameda, California.

The ink wasn't dry on his "ticket" before he was at sea in a tanker, a ship-type he remained with for seven years calling at ports all over the world. Before coming ashore in 1952 Mr. Dorsey was sailing as Second Mate for the Socony Vacuum Company.

Mr. Dorsey graduated from Boston College in 1956 and one year later came to the Academy as Social Science Instructor and watch officer.

STAFF

Captain Robert H. Murphy, USNR

Cruise Watch Officer

In the fall of 1924, Captain Murphy graduated from the Massachusetts Nautical School to begin his life's work.

He sailed for American Hawaiian Steamship Company and six months later had his second mate's license. By 1928, he was a licensed Master and he continued to build his reputation with the Company. In 1934 he was given command of his first ship, the S.S. HAWAIIAN only nine years after graduation.

The S.S. HAWAIIAN was the first of forty-three ships Captain Murphy has commanded. During the war years, with most of them being spent in the Atlantic, Captain Murphy was torpedoed several times and at one time was required to sail 650 miles in an open boat to reach shore.

After the war, Captain Murphy continued to sail for American Hawaiian as coast pilot between Los Angeles and San Francisco. He was also trouble shooter for eight years as well as senior captain with the company.

Captain Murphy is now retired, but he makes the cruise with the Maritime Academy as watch officer each year just to get back to sea.

LCDR Alvin Anteen, USMS

Supply Officer

Mr. Anteen commenced his education in business by attending the Northeastern University Law School. He also graduated from the Bentley School of Accounting and Finance. During this time Mr. Anteen was employed as an Accountant and Comptroller. His sea-going career began in 1939 when he enlisted in the Navy as storekeeper. He was in the Navy until 1947 when he requested release from active duty.

In 1949 Mr. Anteen came to the Maritime Academy and has been with us ever since. As well as his experience in law and accounting, Mr. Anteen holds a Chief Purser's ticket in the Maritime Service.

IN MEMORIAM

Joseph T. Boyle, M.D.

Ship's Surgeon

Dr. Boyle graduated from Fordham University in 1927 and from there he went on to school in Scotland. Graduating in 1931 from the University of Edinburgh. He served his internship in Charleston, South Carolina.

In the following years, he was on the staff of many hospitals in cities such as New York, Philadelphia, and Wilmington.

Dr. Boyle came to Cape Cod in 1944 and began his own practice. In 1951 he became the schoolship surgeon.

When Dr. Boyle passed away, shortly before graduation a tremendous gap was left in the staff of the academy. His devotion to duty and patient interest will live on with those he left behind.

NAVAL SCIENCE

Lieutenant Commander
Thomas G. Schofield

Lieutenant (jg)
Charles E. Hutchinson

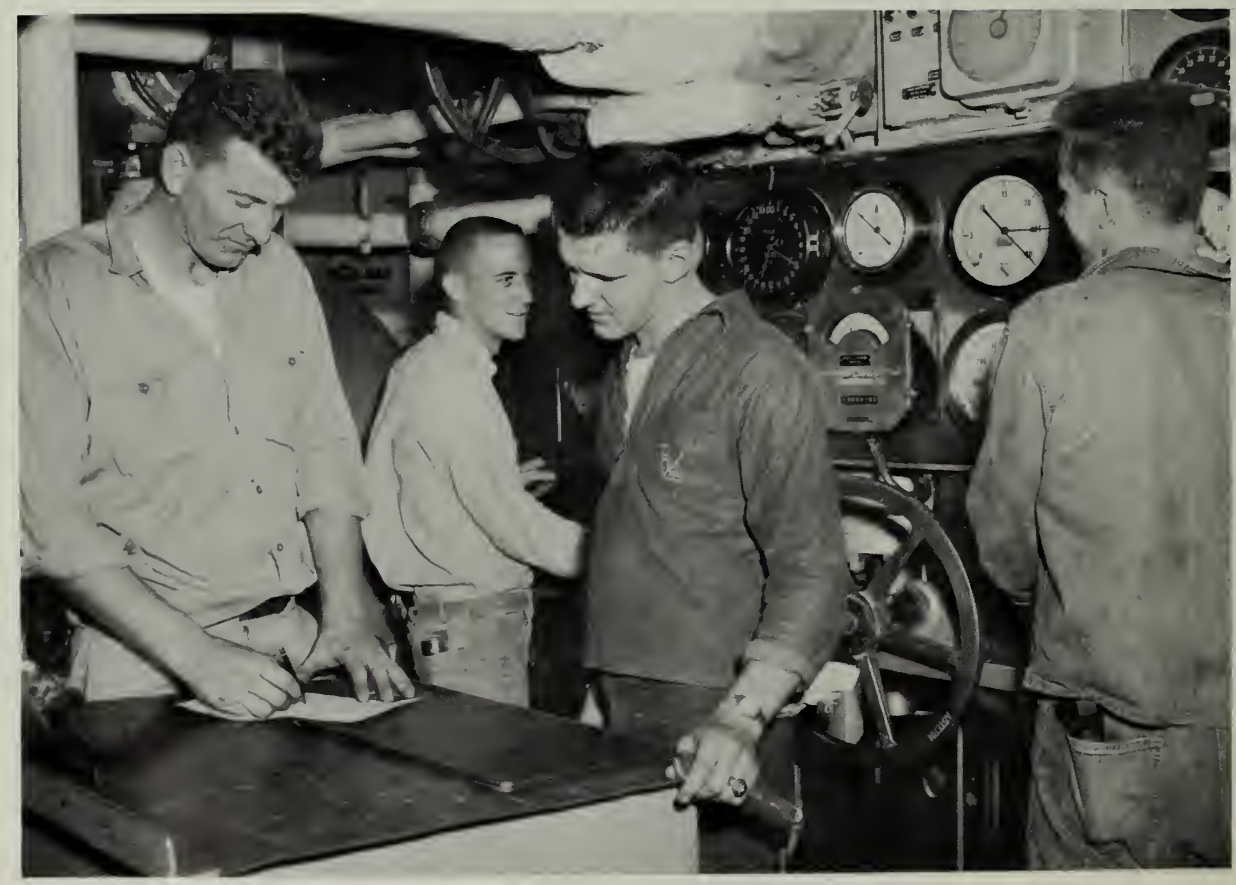
Lieutenant (jg)
Otto P. Reitz

GMCS Stephen H. Novak

YNCA Henry E. Pearce

FC1 George A. Pilgrim

GRADUATE



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For the last time, the Class of 1960 is assembled for a Muster. In the following pages, each steps forth to identify himself.

As we came to know each other, friendships and strong feelings of mutual respect were formed which will always occupy a prominent niche in our lives.

For us, these pages have a special meaning. One that can only be felt by those who spent the greater part of three years in close association with each other. No matter what diversified paths each may follow, we all share a common bond—we were classmates.

PAUL W. SIMPSON

22 Avon Street
Holliston, Massachusetts

"Suitcase"

Battalion Commander
Muster Editor
Class Secretary
Glee Club
Propeller Club

The Undisputed Leader of the Class of 1960, Paul has done a tremendous job as Battalion Commander. Displaying constant leadership qualities during our first two years at the Academy, none of us were a bit surprised when Skipper was given "the Big Four." Very few among us realized the responsibility and extra work that the job carried, yet Paul always found time to help someone with his problems, big or small.

Paul was respected by everyone in the class, both as a leader and as a friend.

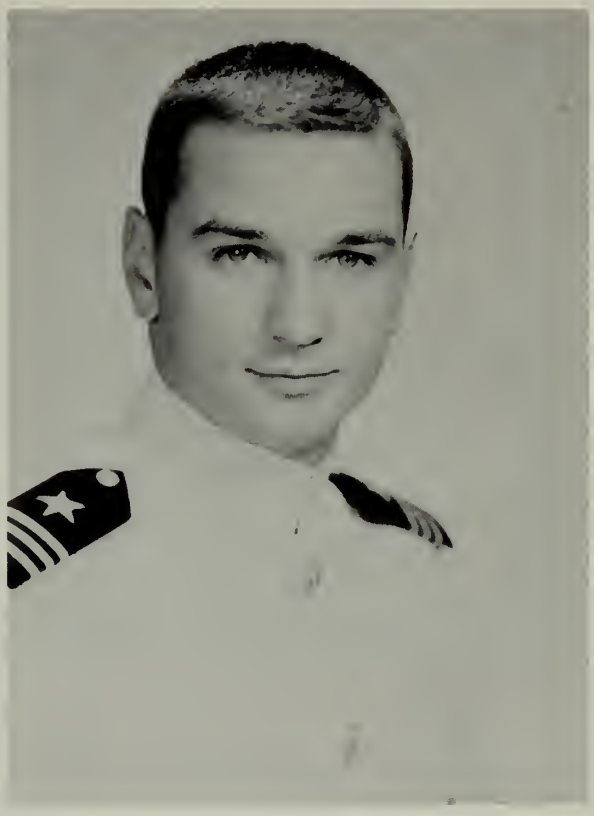
With graduation looming up on the horizon, we of the Class of 1960 sincerely hope that your desire for a career in the Merchant Service is soon realized and extend to you our very best wishes in the years to come.

MICHAEL RENZI

Bumps River Road
Centerville, Massachusetts

"Some"

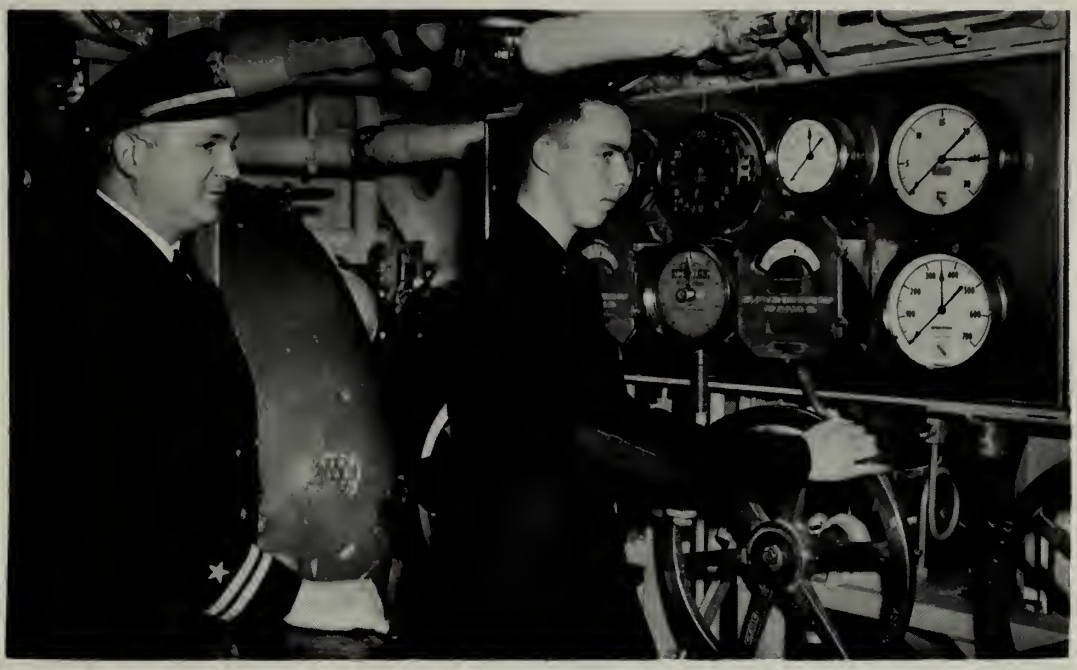
Battalion Adjutant
Bogger's Inc.
Muster Staff
Horizontal Club
V.F.W. Representative
Newman Club



From the local winter night spots of Hyannis to the gates of M.M.A., came the playboy of all "Bogger Land." Mic was soon to astound us all with many deeds and stories, but the most startling of all was his appetite. How many helpings at one sitting can any man take? Stories go that he disproved all Biology by returning "15" times for more at a local picnic.

Not all his attentions were on food, for Mic strode to the head of the class very soon after his arrival. His hard work was well rewarded for he became Battalion Adjutant in his first class year. With all his experience as a leader of men here at the Academy, we know that he'll succeed in life.

BOILER DIVISION



WATCH ONE

Robert S. Wiley
Fredrick Barret Baldwin
Ralph O. Hill
Norman M. Nilsen
Louis C. Arruda, Jr.
Cornelius J. Coughlin
John Horgan

ROBERT S. WILEY

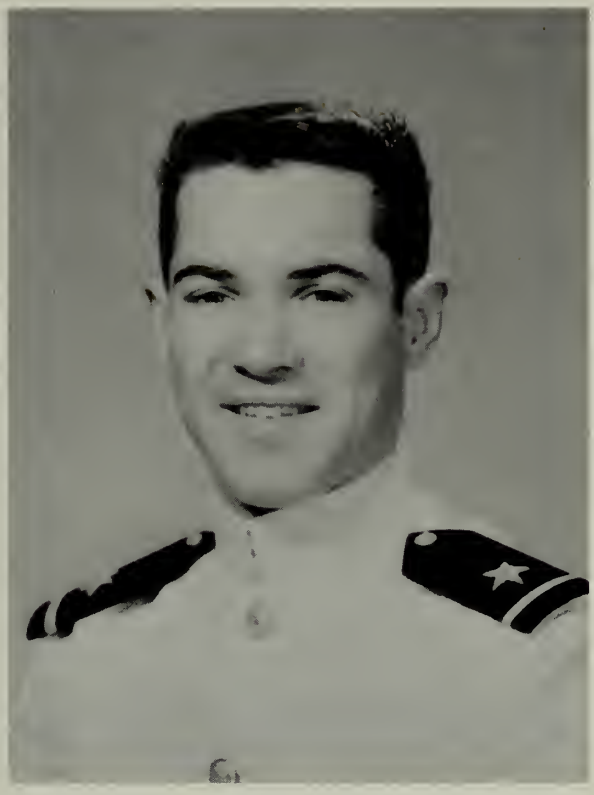
35 Neal Gate Street
Scituate, Massachusetts

"Fudd"

Muster Staff
Supper Club
Cadet Lieutenant
Propellor Club
Horizontal Club

Ambling out of the world of Lobster Pots in Scituate to follow the ways of the sea at M.M.A., came the one and only "Baron of the Boiler." Elmer was one for the ladies and his first year at the Academy was spent sightseeing around the Bogs in a pick-up truck.

After becoming an engineer, he settled down to hard work and this was characteristic of his next two years. He became the well-known "Fuel King" and, except for one incident with the port life boat, became outstanding and proficient as an engineer. He was well rewarded in his first class year by becoming Watch I's leader. We are sure that Bob will come to lead many men in the future, as he has done here at the Academy.



LOUIS C. ARRUDA JR.
17 Marvel Street
Taunton, Massachusetts
"Stump"

Cadet Ensign
Old Guard, Watch I
Supper Club
Baseball 1,2,3
Football 1,2,3
26 July Movement

Many a patrolman has seen a driverless speeding car. Upon hailing the car and with further investigation, he usually discovers the mightiest of mites, of Taunton and M.M.A. fame. Size meant nothing to Stump, for the master of the machine had capabilities that most are denied. His engineering skills have far surpassed many of those who have preceded him. Louie's hard work and endurance have paid off well during his stay at the Academy. During his last year he became a cadet officer and the head man in the laundry department (a non-profit organization). With his boundless engineering skill and knowledge he is bound to go far in the Merchies.

FREDRICH BARRETT BALDWIN

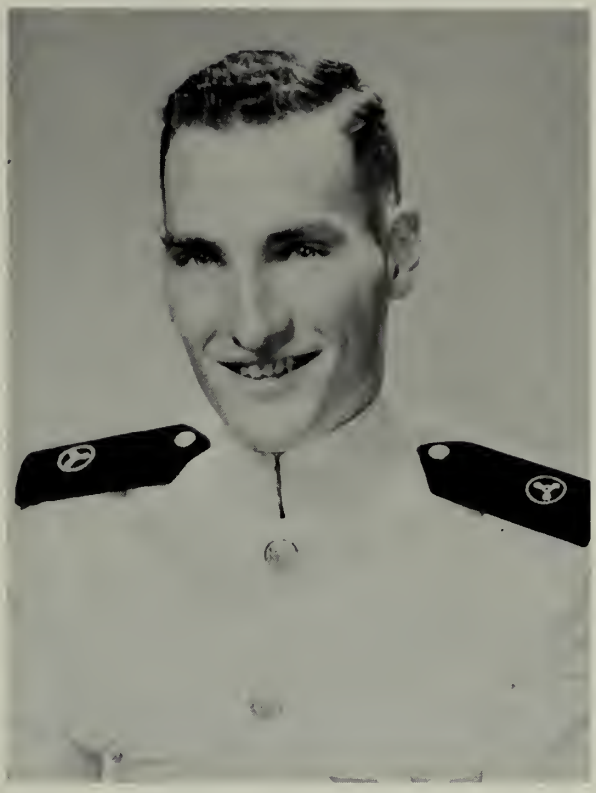
24 Sherwood Road
Hingham, Massachusetts

"Rick"

Football 1,2,3
Honor Guard
Sec.-Treas. Propeller Club
Glee Club
Supper Club
Sinister Six

Presenting Boola, connoisseur of cloth and a gourmet of the garment, "Ivy'ness" himself came to us special delivery from Brooks Bros., where he had just purchased a new blue blazer with brass buttons and a funny little hat with an anchor on it. All decked out in his new attire, Baldy snuck to the engineroom and promptly fell in love with "Buelah," the Watch I boiler. Here, for the next three years, he spent all his time administering to her needs.

Between books, boilers, blondes, and Beverly, Baldy still found time to become one of the better athletes on the gridiron and what's more important, a great friend to those who knew him.



CORNELIUS J. COUGHLIN

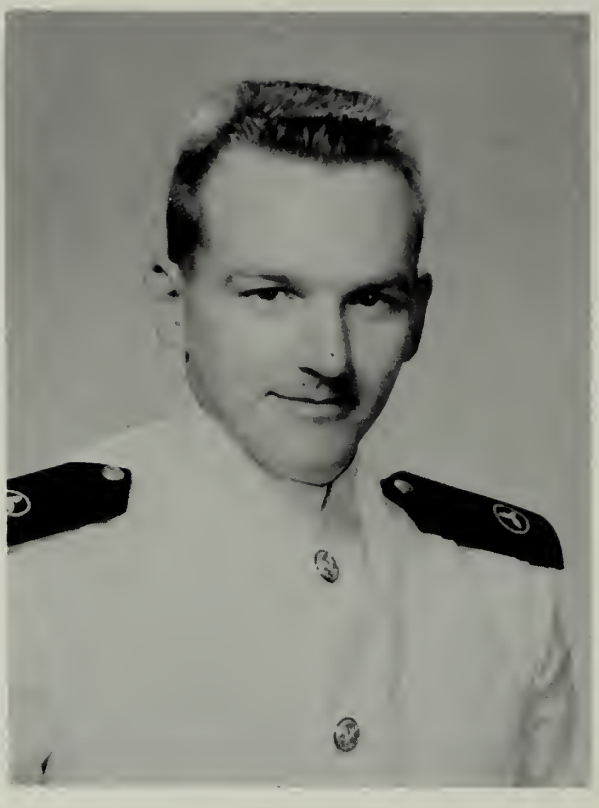
135 Minot Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

"Neal"

Master Electricians Assn.
New York Humane Society Inc.
Horizontal Club
Newman Club (Pres.)

A quiet, reserved, rather diminutive lad arrived at our beloved Academy unnoticed and unscathed by the inequities of civilian life. To coin a phrase, allow me to say that life was just a bowl of cherries until that notorious day, when, due to lack of lube oil, civilization aboard the "Bay State" regressed 100 years to the era of candles and hurricane lamps. Not one to ponder over such trivial happenings, Neal settled down to a sedate life of telephone calls and rigorous study.

To some, a chief's license is like asking for the moon, but to Neal it is "in the bag." Good luck and Godspeed.



RALPH O. HILL

71 Warren Street
N. Abington, Massachusetts

"Turk"

Baseball Manager 1,2,3
Century Club
Propeller Club
Supper Club
Night Riders

The undisputed "King of the Highways," world traveler, adventurer, all these seem to fit the financier of the pie market; the only member of our class who was a day hop.

We all recall the many harrowing experiences with check musters our traveling turkey encountered.

Ralph was indeed a friend and benefactor to us all. There would be many a barefoot middie walking about the decks of the "Bay State" if it weren't for this Mansfield entrepreneur. Turk has gone through many trying times, especially during a certain Thanksgiving which he spent in the brig. He also didn't know prohibition was in effect and was totally unprepared when the "Federals" moved in. Nevertheless our charlatan of the turbine has come through smiling.

JOHN HORGAN

58 Mountain Avenue
Malden, Massachusetts

"Owl"

Ring Committee 2
Football Manager 2
Newman Club
Line Climbers Club
Turk Club

When the Good Lord made this world we live in, he figured he had better populate it. So he made some animals, some fish, some birds, and good old "Morgan Horgan" of Malden fame. Into this ancient body he poured a goodly portion of wisdom, a dash of wit, a distinctive laugh, and last but not least, a keg of fine "Dugan's Schnapps." Time marched on and oddly enough, the Master Planner overlooked J.J. until the year 1956 when he directed Jack to M.M.A. There his fate was decided and Jack reigned over his younger subject like a true patriarch. Tales of his wisdom, his feats of engineering, his travels in Tampa and Baltimore were viewed with awe by all who knew him. Truly a man amongst men!

NORMAN M. NILSEN

Boardman Street
Norfolk, Massachusetts

"Angus"

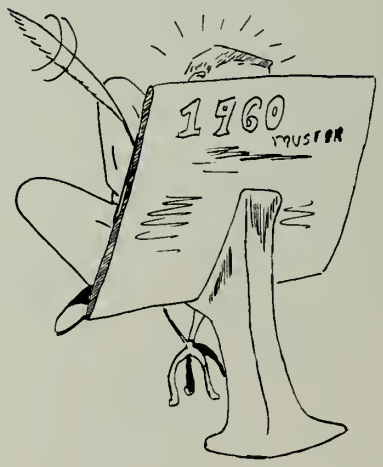
Muster Staff, Associate Editor
Valve Turner's Association
Daily Worker
Football 3
V.F.W. Representative

On a warm August morning in the year 1957, an off-beat looking character, with a sardonic grin on his face, made himself known to the unsuspecting personnel of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. Unannounced and unheralded, this advocate of Nietzche and Schopenhauer had decided to do a little research on the "System."

Immediately he saw room for improvement, and set about notifying all concerned of his superior progressive ideas. It was at this point, however, that our favorite contemplator of human problems met his downfall. Like all great thinkers, he was subjected to intense criticism and was forced to live in dungeon-like quarters for an almost indeterminable amount of time. The end of his first year found him descending into the home of his chosen vocation, The Engineroom.

"Valves" as he was affectionately nicknamed, distinguished himself not only as a capable engineer, but also as a highly skilled cartoonist.

His appreciation of the finer things in life and a thorough understanding of human nature, we feel certain, will lead him to heights unattainable by most.



Massachusetts Nautical Schoolship ENTERPRISE 1893-1909

FIRST DIVISION DECK

DECK

Anthony J. Belmonte
John Paul Cummings
Bruce Kershaw
Michael LaCroix
Clayton Lorin Babineau
Michael M. Fanning
Robert Kimtis
Edward Thomas Lynch, Jr.

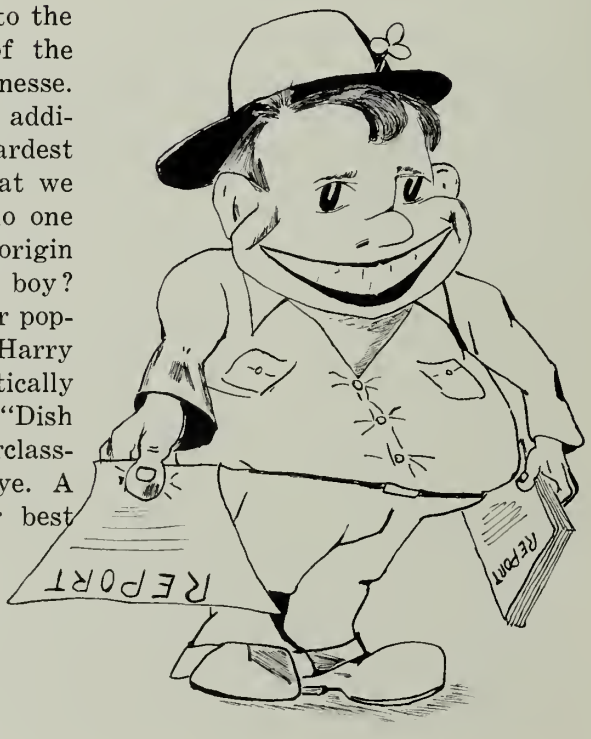
ANTHONY J. BELMONTE

11 Southside Avenue
West Lynn, Massachusetts

"Harry"

Cadet Lieutenant
Class President
T.C.S. Association
Italian American Club
Newman Club

The pride of the North Shore came to the "Bay" with a thorough knowledge of the sea, and an abundance of nautical finesse. We soon found out that Harry was, in addition to being a bonafide salt, the hardest worker in the class. Rumor has it that we almost lost Harry to the I.R.A. but no one could ever place their fingers on the origin of the rumor. What about it Tony old boy? As the months rolled by and the lobster population on Buzzards Bay dwindled Harry came to know Rules and Regs practically verbatim. Finally his turn came to "Dish it Out", as it were, and many an underclassman "Signed" under his watchful eye. A born leader and a friend to all, our best wishes for the future to you Harry.

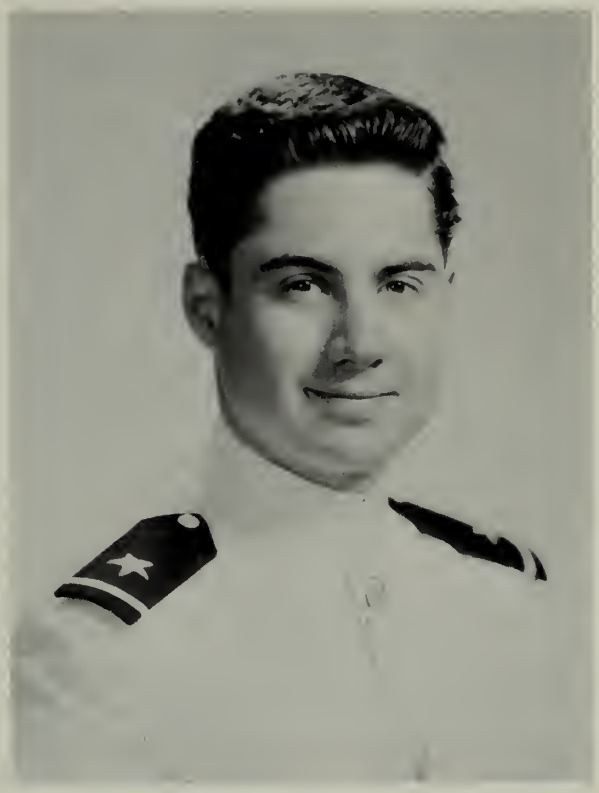


CLAYTON LORIN BABINEAU

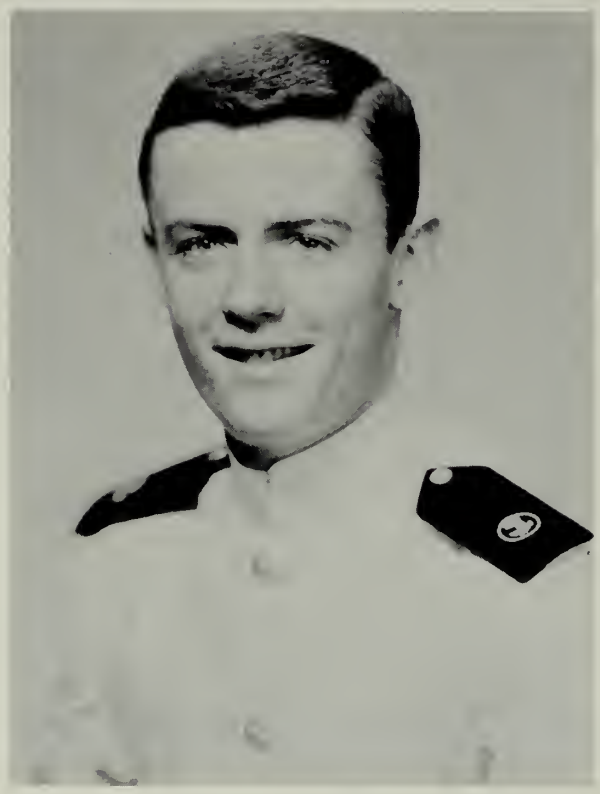
23 Starr Lane
Attleboro, Massachusetts

"Gull"

Cadet Ensign
D2-57 Club
Drill Squad
Weight Lifting Club
Consumer of Edible Nutrients
Chairman Ring Committee



Clayton Laurence Oliver Babineau or "Sea Gull," as he is known to his intimates, came to our hallowed grounds from Attleboro, Mass. A firm believer in socialized medicine, he was delighted to find an unlimited source of A.P.C.'s could be had for the asking. When he tore himself away from the D2-57 Club, Clay decided it was time to see what life on the outside was like and he did just that. Compiling a fine record in the classroom and on deck, the "Gull" was chosen as a Cadet Officer in his First Class year. A good sense of humor and a high capacity for learning, convinces us that "Babs" will not fail to accomplish his lofty aims in life.



JOHN PAUL CUMMINGS

1400 South Barton Street
Arlington, Virginia

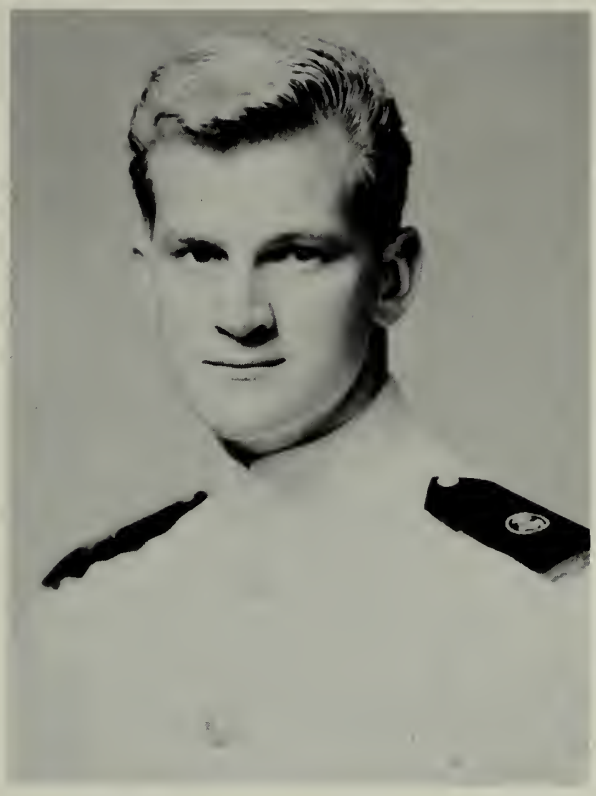
"Kerouac"

Swimming Team
Palace A.C.
Boston Tea Party
Intramural Sports
26 July Movement

The only member of the Class of '60 hailing from the South, Jack is in reality a transplanted Winthrop "Salt."

Kerouac, as he has been affectionately named, will long be remembered for his loquacious dissertations on just about anything. His knowledge covers various fields and his ability to make friends has made Jack a valuable and well liked member of his class. After a few ill-fated trips to Brighton as a youngie, Jack was finally given a clean bill of health and settled down in the Gulch for three years of rest and recreation.

A keen mind and the ability to think for himself, give this diminutive philosopher a head start in his quest for nautical success. Best of Luck in the future Jack and don't forget to keep that winning smile.



MICHAEL M. FANNING
260 High Street
Cumberland, Rhode Island
"Miff"

Swimming Team
Supper Club
Horizontal Club
E.C.C.B.

Known to the female population the world over as "Mr. Wonderful", Mike has the much envied position of being the Class Charmer. His quaint Rhode Island accent soon established him as an out-of-stater but his way with the young ladies was swiftly recognized as an asset to our fair campus. A plugger, in the classroom, to say the least, Miff has come a long way since that harrowing second job summer.

The latest rumor says that our Don Juan from the land of "Gansett" has his eyes on a modelling agency when he graduates. Hope it's true, Mike, you couldn't go wrong with the alumni.

BRUCE KERSHAW

289 Brownell Street
Fall River, Massachusetts

"Bruce"

Cross Country (Capt.) 2,3
Track 1,2,3
L.G.T., Inc.
Horizontal Club
D2-57 Club
Casino Owner

Bruce came to M.M.A. via Columbian Prep School in Washington, D. C., so military life was nothing new to him. Mass. Maritime wasn't exactly the type of school he had prepped for, but after a few months of "Mess Cooking" and "Young Man" he decided it wasn't too bad. Herkshaw's determination was mistaken quite often for arrogance by the Upper Jobs, and more than once did Bruce trace out the all too familiar Bilge System of the "Chun."

"Kernshaws" biggest asset however, was his speed, and the Cross Country track team will never be the same without his competitive spirit and will to win. (We still don't believe you ran a three minute mile though.) Best of luck in the Merchies.

ROBERT KIMTIS

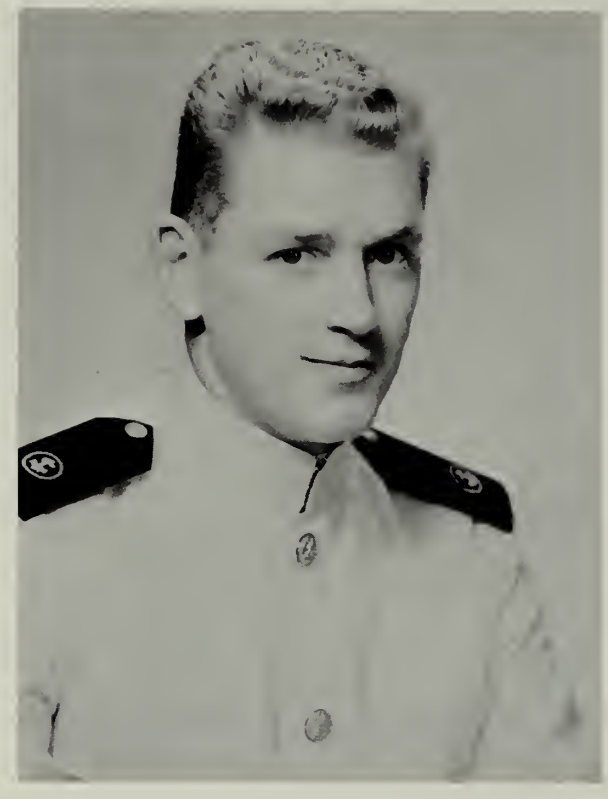
105 Corey Street
West Roxbury, Massachusetts

"Kimit"

Swimming Team
Propeller Club
Glee Club
Frogman
Honor Guard

To those of us at school, Bob was a friend and a companion. Energetic and intelligent, a good student, and one of the few conscientious workers, he was still considered one of the boys and could be counted on to be in the thick of the fun at the Pine. An avid "seagull" we still can't understand how you ate so much and still kept your figure "Kimit."

Respected by classes and officers alike, Bob will go far in his chosen profession.



MICHAEL LaCROIX
Attleboro, Massachusetts
"Mike"

Football 1,2,3
Basketball 1
Ring Dance Committee
Glee Club
Volunteer Fire Department

A stalwart in Coach Harrington's line for three years, this rugged Frenchman with the blond curly hair was everyone's friend and quite a charmer to boot. Mike's burdens as a youngie were somewhat lightened by a "Whale" and a "Moose" but he always did his share and consequently made many friends. Late in his second class year, Mike had the distinction of becoming a "Bogger," perhaps in name only, but nevertheless a full-fledged "Hairlegger."

This proved to be of much benefit to the middies, as the LaCroix household, more than once, was the scene of an impromptu party. Navy or Merchies, Mike, we wish you nothing but the best.

EDWARD THOMAS LYNCH JR.

36 Prospect Street
Marblehead, Massachusetts

"Turtle"

Football 1,2,3
Horizontal Club
Supper Club
K.P. Assn.

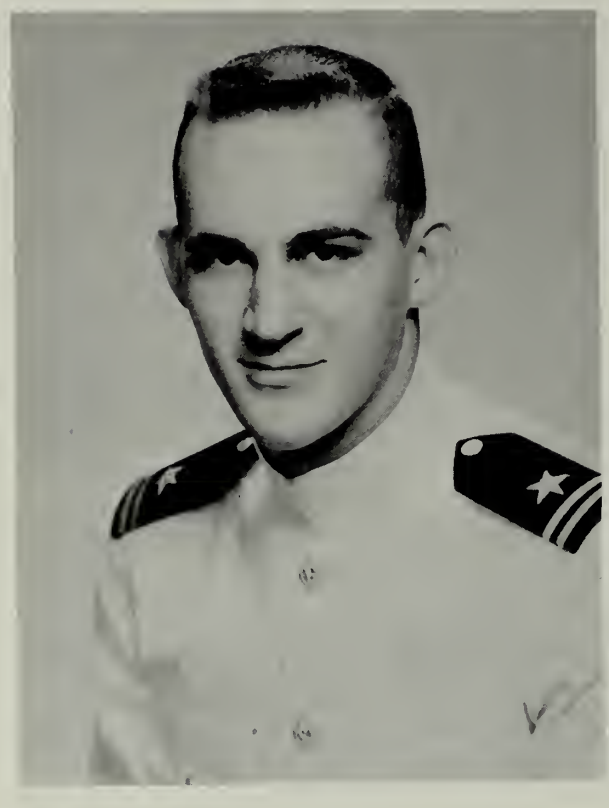
The "Brown Snapper" sped down the road and screeched to a stop inches from the edge of the pier. Slowly, so very slowly, the door opened and out stepped "Turtle." Bewildered, "Ed" couldn't understand many things about life here at M.M.A. Especially why a certain group of fellows enjoyed listening to him sing "Marblehead Forever." With the help of his good friend Neil, and other 'HEADERS, Turtle soon fell into the routine, and has not changed much since. Not one to be outdone on deck, "DEE" can usually be found sailing his Jolly Boat around "the Neck" in his spare time.

To the most even tempered guy in the class goes our fond farewell. Good Luck, "Buddy."

MACHINERY DIVISION

WATCH TWO

D. F. Lynch
Richard A. Crocker
Scott Hale
Robert D. White
Edward J. Vaughn
Joseph V. Gavin, Jr.
Ronald Vernon Hill



D. F. LYNCH

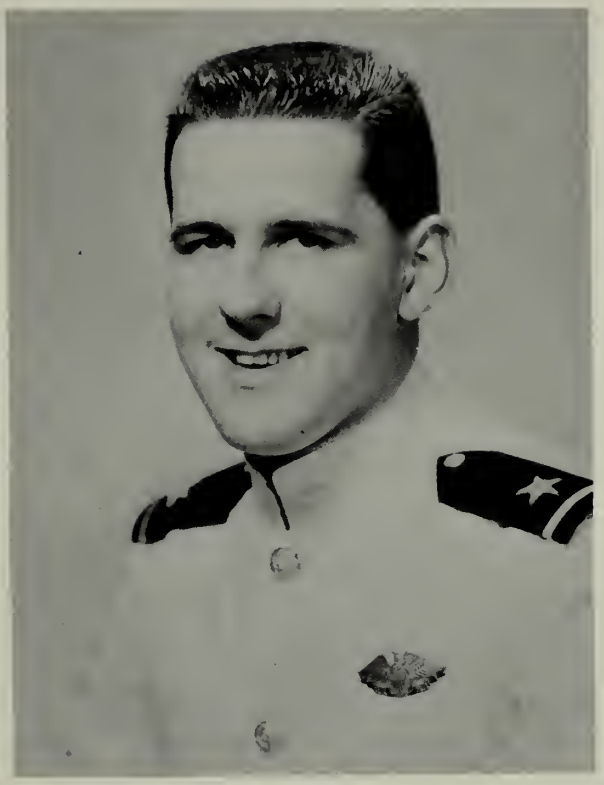
21 Lewis Street
Newton, Massachusetts

"Hitler"

Cadet Lt. Ret.
Palace A.C. Pres.

Another staid member of the Newton Trio, Don came to our Fair Academy with a good amount of sea time and an excellent knowledge of things mechanical. Much to Rudy's delight, "Hitler" was well versed on compression ratios and Columbia rear ends, which no doubt made his youngie year a bit more bearable.

Not one to accept things as they appear on the surface, Don's ability to dig things out, plus a good deal of logical thinking, have placed him high in class standings througout his stay at the Academy. Don's interest in nuts and bolts did not go unnoticed by the "Upper Echelon" and he was chosen to lead the machinery division in his first class year. Best of luck after graduation, Don. Your assets should carry you far in your chosen profession.



EDWARD J. VAUGHN

187 Orange Street
Roslindale, Massachusetts

"Scupper"

Swimming Team 3
Watch II Old Guard
K.P. Association
Cadet Ensign

On a mild August day a submarine was sighted off the port side of the "Chun." On our decks and into the realm of M.M.A.'s mysterious whirls, stepped a true son of the Navy. Ed started immediately; placing his "chin" to the grind stone, he gathered all the knowledge of marine engineering possible. Scuttlebutt has it that while Ed was not busily preparing for Maritime Day, he was sampling Scotch with "Charlie" in a far-off place known to men of the world as the Blue Parrot. But no matter; whatever field he may choose, be it following the steps of his brother or some new phase of the Navy, we know he'll succeed. Best of luck, Ed.

RICHARD A. CROCKER

Main Street
Forestdale, Massachusetts

"Rich"

Basketball 1,2,3
Baseball 1,2,3
Supper Club
Gruesome Threesome

Out of the distance came a dashing green Olds, rumbling down the road to M.M.A., escorted by the local police and fire departments. This was the day of the "Triumphant Return" of a favorite son. Our debonair boy from the Bogs immediately set to the books proving himself well worthy of being an engineer.

"Alvin's" quick wit and sly remarks have kept us in good humor even when our morale was low. His striving ability will surely lead him to a good life. Good luck in the future, Rich.

JOSEPH V. GAVIN, JR.

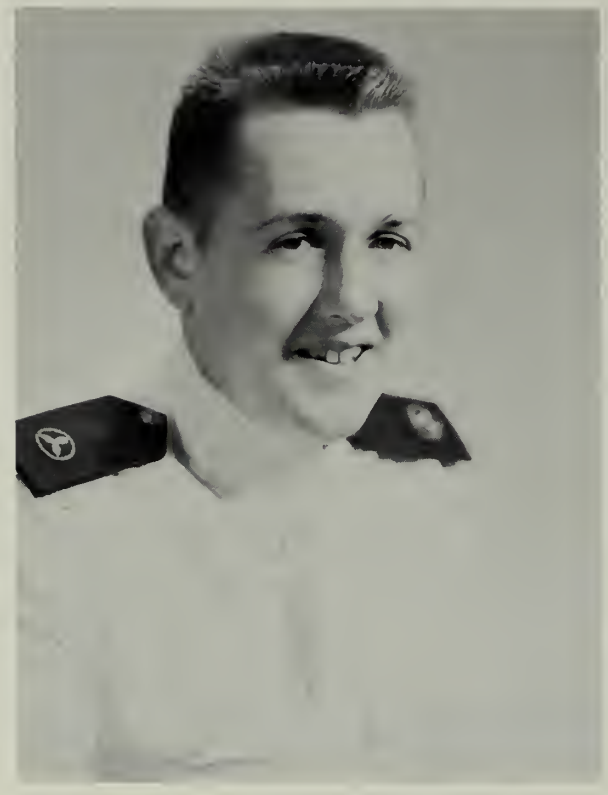
Chatham Road
Harwich, Massachusetts

"Weak Eyes"

Baseball 1,2,3
Cross Country 2,3
Intra-mural Sports
Horizontal Club (Pres.)
Shoe Shine Club
Palace A.C. (Vice Pres.)

From the other side of Bass River came the coziest of all. The steering engine room became the location of his habitual cat naps. Joe became the undisputed president of the Horizontal Club. Joe's ability to keep out of the way and his hiding capabilities caused "Earl" to buy extra batteries for his flashlight.

Joe was not one to slight the books; for it was many a night that the midnight oil burned while boning up on such subjects as Boilers and Turbines. His hard work and perseverance have paid off well, for we know that he will always be on top in any field that he enters.



SCOTT HALE

3 Allen Avenue
Rockport, Massachusetts

"Nathan"

Band 3
Swimming team 3
Glee Club 3
Supper Club 3,2
Propeller Club
Watch II Old Guard

"On my honor I will do my best to be the Cox'n this troop," errr I mean, "Academy has ever known." So with downeaster logic and sincerity Nathan . . . that is Scott, embarked on his career as one of Watch Two's Old Guard. His weekends were put to good use by his baby sitting and Marine Biological pursuits, exemplified by his mother-like care of his pet sea horse.

"Great Scott" noted sadly that the days of sail were rapidly being consigned to the book of memories, except in Rockport of course. Rejected by sail, Scott turned to the wonders of engineering and managed to become one of the better Turbine "thinklers;" and even more important, a fine friend.

RONALD VERNON HILL

52 Salem Street
North Wilmington, Massachusetts

"Ron"

Supper Club
Ring Dance Committee
Glee Club
Knotty Pine Volunteer Fire Department (chief)
Horizontal Club

Through the fog bound waters of the Charles, to the salt encrusted walls of M.M.A. came the ever charming and melodious voice of our own Ronnie Hill. R.V. was once known to entertain thoughts of seamanship, navigation, and all that silly stuff but was saved from eternal damnation by a last minute choice of the ever popular engineering course.

After an ill fated trip to Maine, Ronnie stuck to the shore route (by way of Fitchburg) and looked forward to a bright future as an engineer extraordinaire.

ROBERT D. WHITE

816 East Sixth Street
South Boston, Massachusetts

"Whitey"

Gruesome Threesome
Horizontal Club
Flashback No. 3

The Shakespeare of sarcasm, the Webster of wit, the Hemingway of humor, these fit only one. Of course it could be none other than our own second story man from "Southy," bottled in bond, and sent to us via the M.T.A. When there was any cutting up to do, Whitey was close at hand with a few choice comments. Bob's talents were not only in the spoken word but also in such fields as Mathematics and Electricity. Our boy continually strove to better himself in all fields of engineering and only occasionally did he digress from his chosen work for a cup of tea at the "Bridge Cafe."

We wish you the best of luck in the future Bob, but with your capabilities you hardly need it.

Massachusetts Nautical Schoolship NANTUCKET 1909-1942

SECOND DIVISION DECK

Anthony Ferrante
Robert Farrell Buckley, Jr.
Myles William Standish
Richard Wayne Redfearn
John Francis Doyle
Francis Dougherty
Joseph James O'Connell
Edward Ricciardelli

ANTHONY FERRANTE

40 Water Street
Milford, Massachusetts

"Tony"

Cadet Lieutenant
Boston Tea Party
Propeller Club
Muster Staff
Newman Club

Not long after he was here, Tony established himself as one of the best in everything he did. Close to the top in class standings for three years was only one of his merits. Nothing went by Tony unless he understood it perfectly. His skill and enthusiasm on deck and in the classroom made him a sure bet for stripes and to no one's surprise he headed Second Division as a First Classman. A swift-footed halfback in high school, Tony passed up the gridiron while at M.M.A. to devote more time to the books. Not one to be second best, Tony always aims for the top, and if past performance means anything, he can't miss.

JOHN FRANCIS DOYLE

18 Edminister Court
Everett, Massachusetts

"Jack"

Cadet Ensign
Ring Dance Committee Chairman
Class Barber
X.O., Knights Raiders
Pranks, Inc.
Mad Bombers

Riding a buzz bomb from Everett harbor, Jack exploded on the Charleston's quarterdeck that fateful day in the summer of '57.

Three months elapsed before anyone knew his name, and three more months went by before we found out that he was one of us and not a state employee. The original bomb spreader, Jack seemed to have first-hand information on all future events. Where he received his first hand "INFO" remained a mystery to all of us for three years, and as this yearbook goes to press, it's still a mystery to Jack. A good man on deck and equally proficient in the classroom, we wish you the best of luck in the years to come "BUNKIE."

ROBERT FARRELL BUCKLEY, JR.

35 Crescent Avenue
Scituate, Massachusetts

"Buck"

Century Club (Pres.)
Supper Club
L.G.T., Inc.
Honor Guard
Midnight Rider
Propeller Club

Say, what's this? A new officer in our midst? No Sir. My name is Buckley, Robert F., United States Naval Reserve. And so began "Buck's" career at M.M.A. Without a doubt, the most MO-DELL middie in the class, Bob had a head start on most of us due to his previous sea time and Navy experience. Who can forget him, the picture of neatness, meticulously shining his shoes or polishing his brass.

A "deckie" from the beginning, Bob wanted no part of the "Black Gang." Early in his "youngie" year, he found out that contrary to Naval procedure, a middie's day wasn't finished at 1600. On more than one occasion he did what he could to remedy this unpleasant dilemma. One of the original "Sack Rats," Buck was hard to pry from the bunk, unless, of course, the express to the Hatherley was running. Destined for a Naval Career, our epitome of "squared awayness" will no doubt be welcomed with open arms.

Good Luck Bob, and smooth sailing!

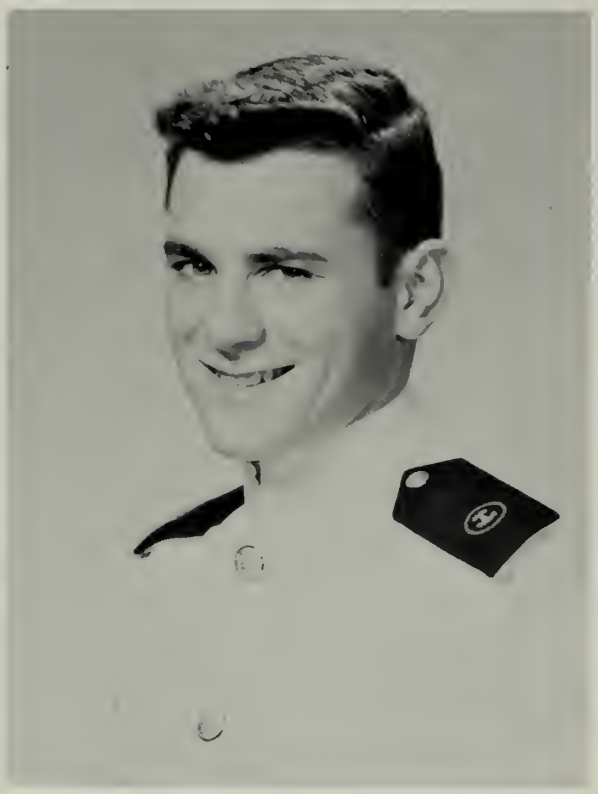
FRANCIS DOUGHERTY

71 Madison Avenue
Newtonville, Massachusetts

"Frank"

Football 1,2,3
Golf 1,2,3
Propeller Club
Glee Club
Muster Staff
Social Committee
New York Humane Society

The last member of the Newton trio to arrive at M.M.A., Frank came to us by way of Boston College. A thorough briefing by Mike and "Hits" undoubtedly made the way a bit easier for him, and to this day none of us will forget his proficiency in bow-wowing for a certain "Bug." Always ready to discuss the pros and cons of the "System," Frank's unbeatable argument was, "It's just not right." Our jovial court jester kept the class buoyant on its "Sea of Troubles" for the past three years. We know that his great concern for others as well as his effervescent personality will stand him in good stead in what we feel to be a prosperous and lucrative career.



MYLES WILLIAM STANDISH

1580 Central Street
Stoughton, Massachusetts

"Bill"

Hate Everything Club
Boston Tea Party
Horizontal Club
T.C.S. Association

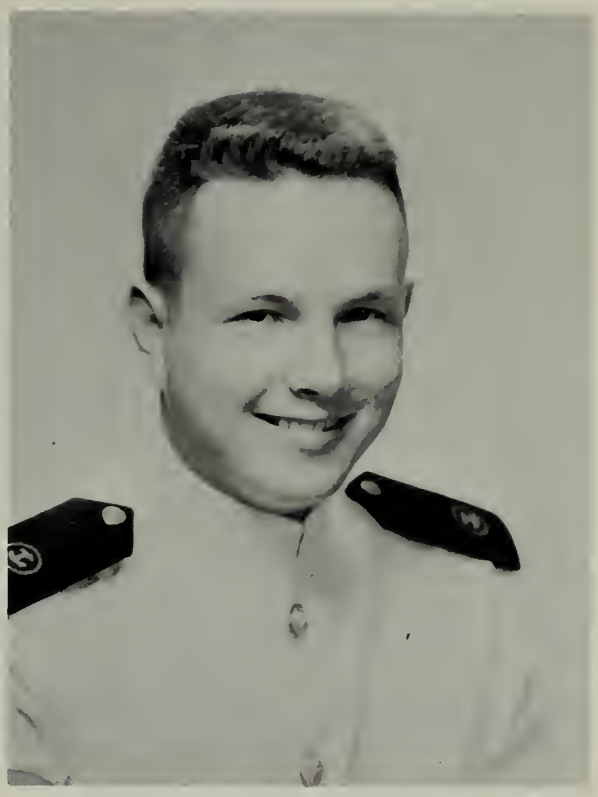
From the Badlands of the West to the windswept shores of Cape Cod came "Billy the Kid" Standish. Setting up camp was no easy task for "Montana," and many a night his desire for the wide open spaces almost got the best of him.

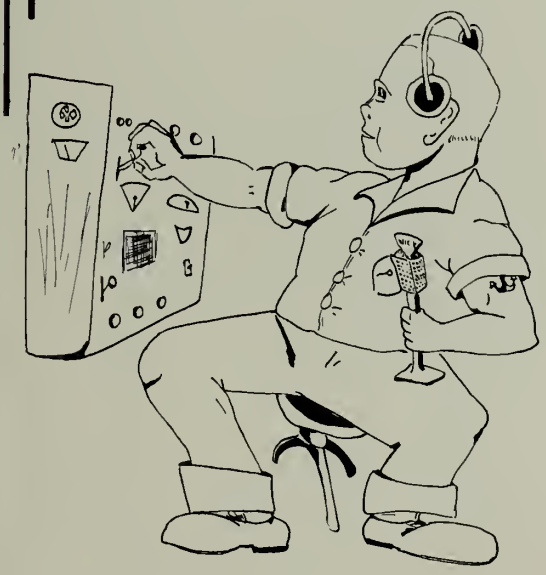
Not one to give up easy, "Monty" finally suppressed his desires and settled down earnestly, intent on learning the ways of the "Dudes." A constant source of laughter, none of us will ever forget Billy's serene disposition at 2200 on Sunday evenings (Hey! What happened to the mirror?).

To a swell classmate, and a real friend, we wish you nothing but the best. So Long, Pardner.

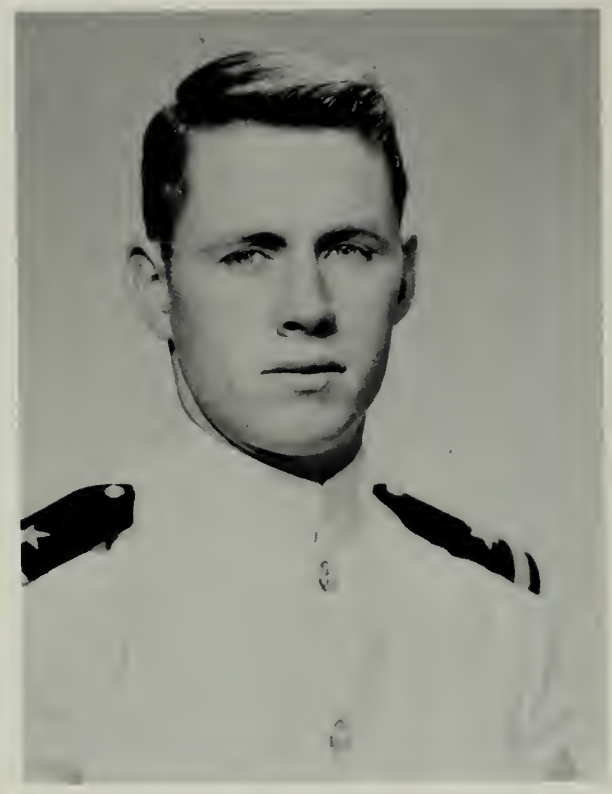
JOSEPH JAMES O'CONNELL
18 Bickford Road
Braintree, Massachusetts
"Okie"

Supper Club
Boston Tea Party
Happiness Club
M.M.A. Exterminators Inc.
Century Club





Occasionally a middie goes through M.M.A. enjoying every single minute of his three years. Okie is just that middie. It was scuttlebutt that on his application for the school he added a special clause saying that he would never go on liberty. At any rate, he didn't complain much when he was sent home occasionally, so things worked out fine. Silence and perseverance, two of Okie's finer points enable our "Sparks" to keep out of trouble more than most here at the "Gulch." Lest we forget his love of Fine Art, Okie was always ready to display his collection, purchased at some of the finer waterfront art shops. Best of luck to you SPARKS. Whether it's USCG or USMS, we know you'll reach the top.



RICHARD WAYNE REDFEARN

50 Oriole Road
Westwood, Massachusetts

"Red"

Football 1,2,3
Baseball 1,2,3
Basketball 3
Social Security First

Ole Grandad! Grand Father! Dad! Old Man! Dick has many nicknames and they all seem to fit for some reason. "Daddy," who is finishing his second school is not as old as he acts but tries to make everyone believe it. An Encyclopedia of Politics and Sports, Dick has become somewhat of a legend around these parts. One of the few three letter men in the class, the lanky Englishman will long be remembered for his towering Home Runs that almost reached the Canal. That sparkle in his eye whenever a jet breaks the sound barrier makes us feel pretty sure that "Big Red" is headed for flight training. Well liked and respected by all, we know he'll come out on top. Good Luck, Dick.

EDWARD RICCIARDELLI
856 Salem Street
Lynnfield, Massachusetts
"Ric"

Century Club
Propeller Club
L.G.T., Inc.
Newman Club

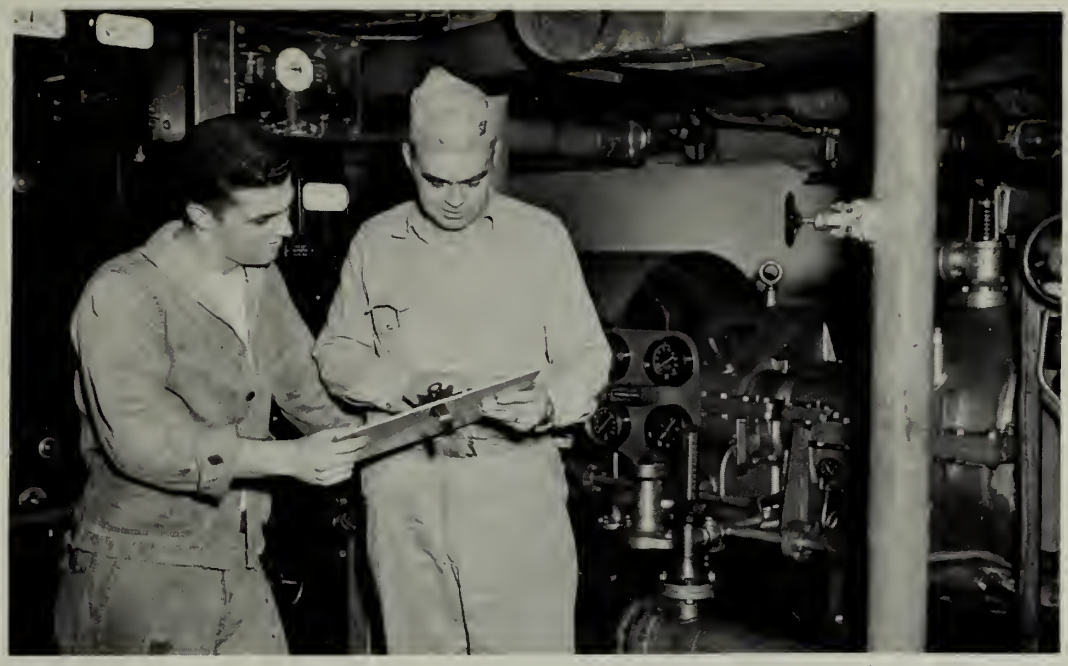
Putting aside his usual occupation as a taxi cab driver in downtown Havana, "Senor Reeka-delly" decided to spend a few years North of the Border to further his position in life.

Getting used to "Mids" and First Jobs isn't easy for anyone, but Ric came through in fine style and things looked bright at the start of his Second Class Year. At first, the Blinking White Light, and the two pointed spears, made life somewhat unbearable for this would be Snipe. But after a few months of "heavin around," Ric knew that he had made his last trip down the Prado in search of "'Merican Chiefs."

One of the most proficient "harrassers" in the class, Delli, usually has the last word (except on certain Wednesdays at 1245).

His generosity and wit have established him as one of the more popular members of the class. We're sure he'll be successful in the years to come.

ELECTRICAL DIVISION



WATCH THREE

Benjamin John Santacroce
Dennis G. Doherty
Lawrence Jacobanis
Joseph V. Larkin
James A. McLaughlin
Stephen A. Hartigan
G. Raymond Jefferson
William W. MacCulloch

BENJAMIN JOHN SANTACROCE

1253 Commercial Street
East Weymouth, Massachusetts

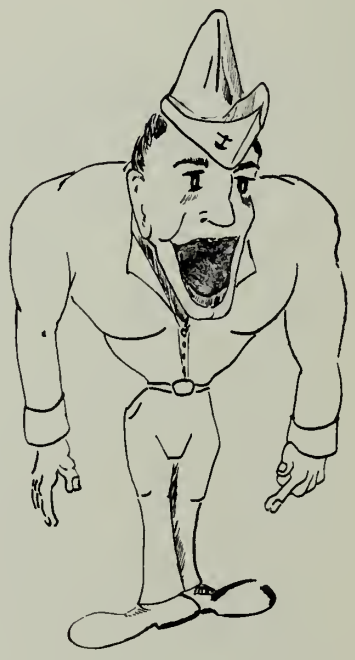
"Benny"

Cadet Lieutenant
Baseball 3
Football 1,2,3, (Capt.)
Ring Committee
Class President
Weight Lifting Team

From the far flung shores of Weymouth via the U. S. Navy came the one and only salt of the engineering class. Benny at once became one of the leaders of our class. His wisdom was sought by all of us.

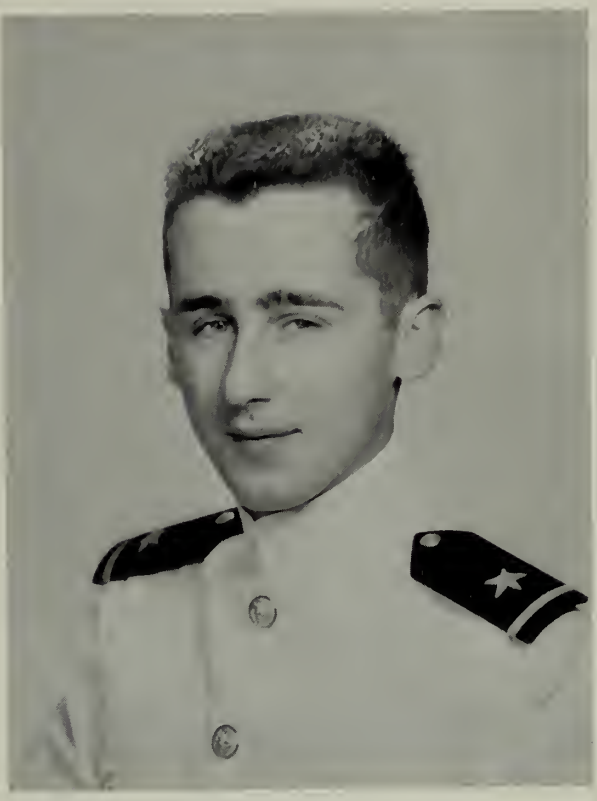
Only once did Benny ever leave the straight and narrow, and as usual it didn't pay, because smuggling "diamonds" out of Puerto Rico is not very profitable.

Throughout his three years, Benny has distinguished himself in every field as a leader. The Navy will welcome our dear friend with open arms, for men with his qualities are few and far between.



JAMES A. McLAUGHLIN
46 Linnet Street
West Roxbury, Massachusetts
"Pincho"

Class Treasurer
Cadet Ensign
Ring Dance Committee
Sinister Six
Football Manager
Honor Guard
Knight's Raiders C. O.
Muster Staff



"Hi, Pinch."

The combination of a keen mind and clever wit, have made "Pincho" an outstanding member of the Class of '60. Being small in stature was no obstacle to him, as more than once we looked for assistance from his "GIANT" mind. One of the original "Knight's Raiders," Jim could usually be found masterminding the pranks that kept us laughing for three years.

"Flying" off the handle occasionally, especially after a session at the Pine, the "Pinch" usually managed to find a "Pole" to alight on when things got really bad.

Proficiency in the classroom and practicability lead us to the conclusion that our "smilin Leprechaun" can't miss.
"Bye, Pinch."

DENNIS G. DOHERTY

44 Belevue Street
Boston, Massachusetts

"Menace"

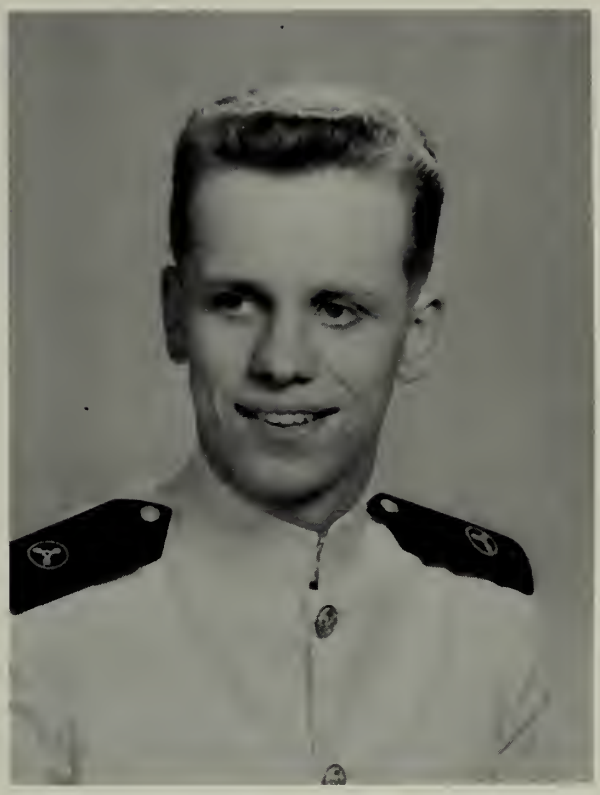
Ring Dance Committee
Muster Staff
Third Class Pres.
Football 1
Basketball 1,2
26 July Movement

Throughout the world wherever groups of men gather, God places an individual that will bring happiness and enjoyment to others. Such is the case with Denny, for without his wonderful talent of making others laugh with so little expense to himself, we would be far from the men we are today. Samual Clemens once said that "A little humor at the right instant will last an eternity." We, here in this class, will always remember our smiling Irish pal with his timely jokes.

His studies were always on par with his smile. We know he will lead a long and prosperous life. We only regret that in our lives we will not have him with us, but we know that somewhere, someone else will be receiving his gift of laughter.

STEPHEN A. HARTIGAN
30 Maxwell Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts
"El Estrano"

Drill Team
Track 1,2,3
Baseball 1,2,3
Cross Country Team 3
Knight Riders
The Custer Cluster



"Strange things are happening" and so with a flick and a flutter of the eye "Stevo" launched his illustrious career as a middie in paradise.

Recognized as one of the finer "Satans of swat," Steve gave everything he had to his beloved sport. His love for baseball was his greatest "Joy" and he met his most "expectacious" moment when victory was at hand.

His capabilities on the diamond were far surpassed by his skills in the engineroom. From Volts to Vacumn, Steve always batted a thousand and so to Steve we say "The world is your oyster. Here's hoping you get a pearl."

LAWRENCE JACOBANIS
11 Reddy Avenue
Hyde Park, Massachusetts
"Jake"

Weight Lifting Team 3
Football Co-Capt. 1,2,3
Golf 1,2,3
Horizontal Club
K.P. Association

Reincarnated from the golden days of Poland comes our own "Warsaw Warrior." Mounted on his great green Chevvy steed, he came to the jousts at beloved M.M.A. With the help of a few bench presses as his shield, he attacked with the courage of Lochinvar, the mysteries of engineering.

The porpoise's quest for knighthood was marked by various adventures, rivaling those of "Arthur and his Round Table."

From the antiseptic halls of the Quincy hospital to the Jazz laden streets of New Orleans could the tales be told and re-told of this "Baltic Bandit."

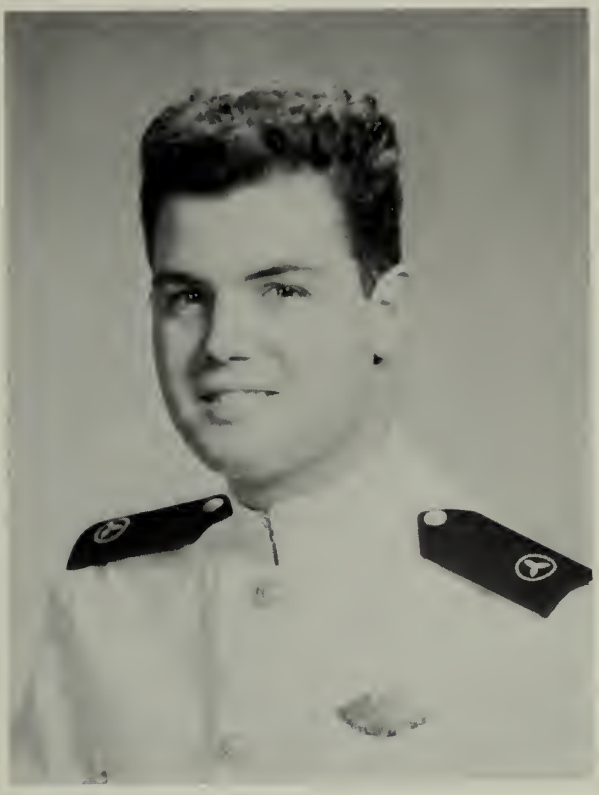
A cheer comes up from the throats of those who know him. "Good Luck and God Speed."

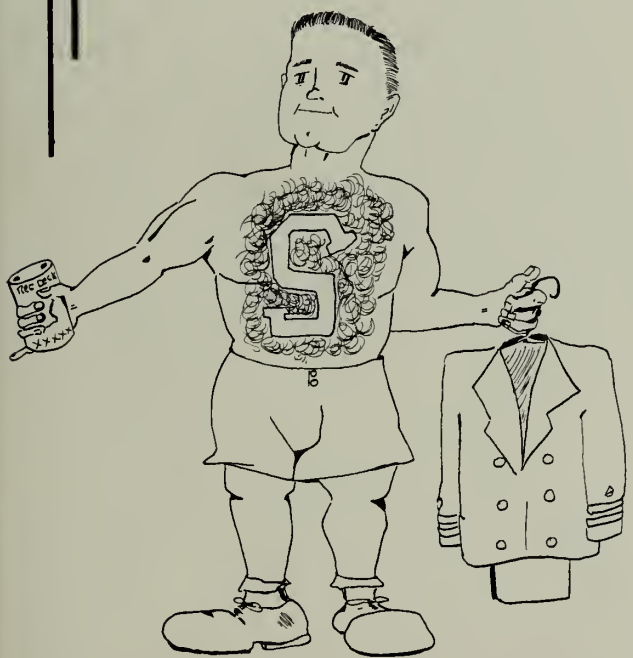
G. RAYMOND JEFFERSON

Parkwood Beach
Wareham, Massachusetts

"Jeff"

Baseball 1,2,3
Swimming Team 3
Weight Lifting Team 2,3
Suspension Club
Boiler Man I





One sunny day on the forward mess deck of the "Chun," we noticed a large package stamped "To M.M.A.—courtesy of Knights Gift Wrapping Co." Unraveling the many folds of tissue, we found Ray. He was immediately claimed by a certain first classmen who stenciled him as his own with an electric razor. Ray fell into the routine and became one of the school's top students and engineers. One May evening as our friend was returning from the telephone company, he was set upon by the "Redcoats" and named as one of the conspirators of the "Boston Tea Party." Ray was soon back amongst us untroubled by his mishap, and as before, one of the respected leaders of the class.

JOSEPH V. LARKIN
22 Lanark Road
Arlington, Massachusetts
"Monk"

Football 1,2,3
Baseball 1,2
Ring Dance Committee
Flareback No. 1
S.P.C.A.

The scientists at the Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge were astounded. Could it possibly be—. Biology books must be re-written, the anthropoid man is not dead. This was not quite the reaction when our refugee from Lincoln Park landed on the quarter deck, but it was close.

Joe became an integral part of us at the start because his jovial laugh and fun-loving antics were a hardy lift when our spirits were down. This was proven time and again by the fierce arguments "Dick" and he had over the subject of "Sky Larkin'."

"Monk" was one for engineering; always poking around mechanical things until finally he stuck his nose in a boiler and got stung. Still interested and aggressive as ever, Joe is bound for success.

WILLIAM W. MacCULLOCH
9 Larchmont Road
Salem, Massachusetts
"Mac"

Football 3
Intramural Sports
Horizontal Club
K.P.V.F.D.

Returning from his many paths of glory to the hallowed hull of the "Bay State," Bill found out that many changes had taken place since his boyhood. Nevertheless he set about making new friends, and before long he had everyone listening to his majestic tales of adventure that he and Roger had perpetuated. Many a night was spent pondering over the many puzzles that "Marco Polo" had brought to us from all over the world.

"Mac's" unlimited resourcefulness and talent quickly brought him among the highest in the class. Wherever "Mac" may go he will surely gain fame. His capabilities are unlimited.

THIRD DIVISION DECK

Michael Fredrick Rogan
Russell J. St. Jean
William F. Burns
Richard Nicholas Finochio
Edward T. Shea
John E. Morris
Thomas C. Brugman
Leo William Donovan
Robert R. Larkin, Jr.

MICHAEL FREDRICK ROGAN
180 Washington Street
Newton, Massachusetts
"Mike"

Cadet Lieutenant
Propeller Club
Football 3
Baseball 2
Golf 1,2,3
K.P.V.F.D.
Muster Staff

Another member of the Newton Trio, Mike came to M.M.A. via St. Michaels College in Vermont. A vibrant personality enabled Mike to make friends easily, and a willingness to learn placed him in high esteem with our officers. Noting that athletic facilities weren't the best here at the Bay, Mike could always be counted on to show up Sunday nights with a new toy or game to keep the middies occupied in their somewhat limited spare time. One of the original "Dealers", Mike seemed to have the "Midas Touch" whenever an opportunity arose. Chosen as a Cadet Officer in his First Class year he did an excellent of job running Third Division. It looks like the Navy for Mike after graduation, and we feel pretty sure that he will succeed.

Best of Luck Mike, and watch out for those "Detroit Monsters," they can be dangerous!!!!!!!

JOHN E. MORRIS
56 Autumn Street
Everett, Massachusetts
"Phillip"

M.M.A. Fire Dept.
Horizontal Club
Muster Staff
Cadet Ensign
E.C.C.B.

"Jock" Morris, alias Charles Atlas, never wasted a minute of his time at M.M.A. As a "young man," Phillip stuck close to his older brother Nick (well, they looked alike) and picked up quite a bit of salt as a result. Consequently, "Moss" became one of the better men on deck and was much in demand by "Plastic-man" when we turned first class. Except for his occasional horizontal moments, "Jock" was always on the go. Even though his class pictures aren't much in demand in the second class, I'm sure they will thank him in the years to come, for his watchful eye and guidance. Don't you agree, "PHILLIPO?"

RUSSELL J. ST. JEAN

New Providence Pike
Sutton, Massachusetts

"Saint"

Cadet Ensign
Bandmaster
Basketball 1,2,3
Track 1',2,3
Captain, Honor Guard
Glee Club
Muster Staff

"All right Gentlemen, let's try it once more." Lawrence Welk? Well, almost. It's Russ St. Jean, M.M.A.'s Band Master. An organizer to say the least, Saint whipped his charges into a pretty cool sounding unit and after a few practices even the neighbors started to listen.

A precarious basketball game in his youngie year almost ended the Saint's career at the Gulch. But, Justice prevailed as it were, and upon his return he turned his talents to music. A good man with his hands "Chips JR." was much in demand by officers and middies especially when they were locked out, or as the case often was, locked in.

The Navy has its eyes on Russ, and so does a certain blonde, as far as we can see they're both making a wise choice. The Best, "Saint".

THOMAS C. BRUGMAN
61 Waldemar Avenue
Winthrop, Massachusetts
"Bug A Boo"

Honor Guard
Palace A.C.
Boston Tea Party
Intramural Sports
"26" July Movement

Thomas Cloetus Brugman a true "Deckie". And Son of The Sea, hails from where else but Winthrop. Bugaboo proved his worth from the very start and managed to hold a fine record both on deck and in the classroom for three years. One of the unlucky to lose his "one and only" on the cruise, Tom recovered very fast and wasted no time pining his heart away. No one will dispute "Bug's" ideas on life except perhaps Jack, and their debates have been a constant source of humor to the class. Tom says he's destined for a career at sea, so from all of us to you, smooth sailing.

WILLIAM F. BURNS
458 Gallivan Boulevard
Dorchester, Massachusetts
"Hatman"

Football 1,2,3
Ring Dance Committee
Supper Club
Master of Ceremonies
Glee Club 1,2

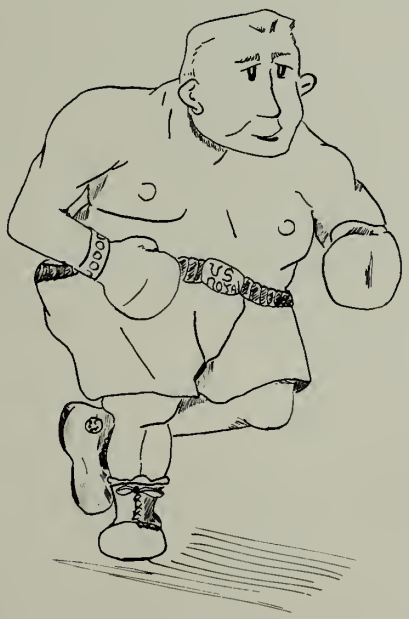
M.M.A.'s answer to versatility, the "Hatman" is undoubtedly one of the most popular members of our class. The only man in the Class of '60 to greet reveille with a smile on his face, Bill will long be remembered for his quick wit and humor. His snappy retorts picked up our morale during trying times, especially on the gridiron where his tremendous spirit never faltered. Never at a loss for words seems to be Burns' big asset. He is the only member of the class without a single demerit. How you did it Bill, will always perplex us. A good "Deckie" and a kind lover of animals (especially Turtles) we wish you the best of luck in whatever you choose to do.

LEO WILLIAM DONOVAN

34 Nendry Street
Dorchester, Massachusetts

"Buff"

Football 1,2,3
Baseball 1,2,3, (capt.)
Basketball 1,2, (capt.)
Ring Dance Committee
Sinister Six



Whether we called him the big Buffer, or just plain Leo, none of us will ever forget M.M.A.'s three letter man who was everybody's friend.

Whenever things weren't going too well, Buff always had the right comment and with his quick wit brought us through many a trying situation. Unfortunately for Buff a certain Heiffer had his sights set on keeping Leo familiar with the captain and as a result, the Pride of Dorchester racked high in the "Demo" column.

Don't be bitter Leo, justice always prevails in the end, so keep your left up and you can't miss.

RICHARD NICHOLAS FINOCHIO

86 Locust Street
Danvers, Massachusetts

"Finoch"

Cadet Ensign
Propeller Club
Glee Club
Bill's Boys

"Well that's not the way we used to do things in the Power Squadron." With these well chosen words, Dick embarked on his three years at M.M.A. Finding life here at the Bay somewhat different than life on a cabin cruiser, "Finoch" quickly joined in the routine and in a very short time was as cozy as any one of his "Youngie Classmates." It soon became apparent that our small boat sailor was well acquainted with the mysteries of navigation and seamanship, and could always be counted on to give a helping hand. A good classmate and a good sailor, Best of luck to you Dick.

ROBERT R. LARKIN, JR.
Main Street
Harwich, Massachusetts
"Bogger"

Section Leader 1
Football 1,2,3
Palace A.C.
Weight Lifting Team
"26" July Movement

"Heyyyyyy! I'm not a Young Squid. I'm a 'Bogger'," and with these words began "Ally's" career at M.M.A. Noted for his Cape Cod tactfulness in tight situations, Bob could always be counted on to say the right thing at the wrong time. When he wasn't busy trying to figue out the complexities of subway turnstiles, the "Bogger" managed to compile a notable record in the classroom, and "heavin' 'round" on deck became second nature.

A friend to all, with a heart as big as the world, we bid you a fond farewell, Bob.

EDWARD THOMAS SHAY

Jefferson Road
Buzzards Bay, Massachusetts

"Ed"

Propeller Club
Horizontal Club
Noneck Society
Newman Club
Glee Club

During our first two years at M.M.A. Ed was, to most of us, "a quiet upperclassman." By some "Tricky" means Ed managed to take a post graduate course in navigation, and the Fall of '59 found E.T. back on the "big boat."

As the year progressed we came to know him as a friend and classmate. His timely wit coupled with his determination to make friends, lead us to believe that he will succeed in any endeavor he chooses.

Massachusetts Maritime Academy Training Ship CHARLESTON 1948-1957

AUXILIARY MACHINERY DIVISION

WATCH FOUR

Paul W. Ojala

Walter Joseph Liberty

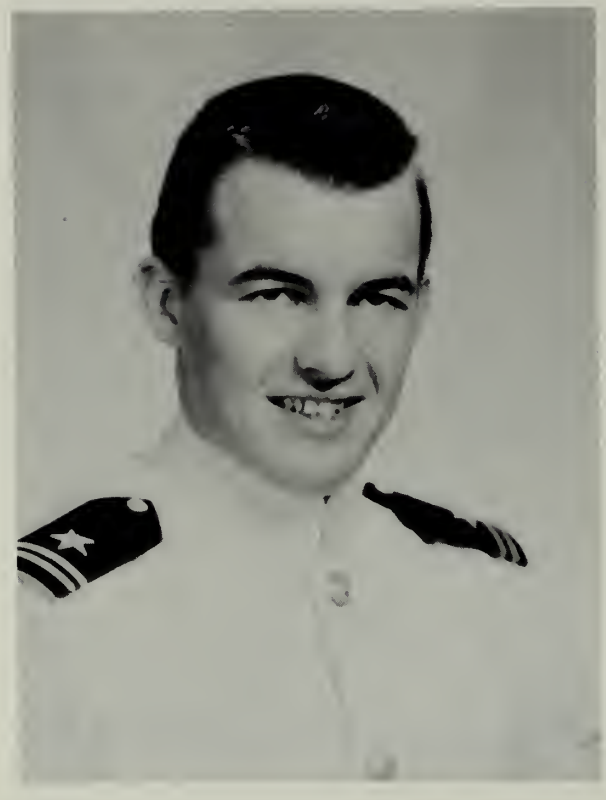
John T. McGee Jr.

Peter F. Walzer

Peter Hugo Huhtanen

Donald H. MacDougall

Anthony John Salemi



PAUL W. OJALA

Main Street
West Barnstable, Massachusetts

"Waino"

Cadet Lieutenant, Ret.
Football 1,2,3
Century Club
Boggers, Inc.
V.F.W. Representative
Weight Lifting Team

Never since the days of Ghengis Khan has the name of a mere man struck terror in the hearts of his fellow men. Born in the hinterlands of Cape Cod; raised on the staple diet of smorgasborg and Smirnoffs; Ojie wended his way to the big boat on the Canal. Once there our "Big Finn" took on the appearance of a peaceful lamb and with hard work and much industry ascended to the heights of Cadet Lieutenant.

The goose hung high with "Ojie" until the "Federals" moved in and informed him that prohibition was still with us. With this new knowledge, Paul retired from the rank of Lieutenant and instead gave all his energy to club (century) activities. Determination paid off and Paul made it through with a smile and a "well done" by all of us.

PETER HUGO HUHTANEN

45 Harding Avenue
Weymouth, Massachusetts

"Bitter-Man"

Flashback No. 2
Maine Game Rally
K.P. Assn.
T.C.S. Assn. (Pres.)

"Bitter, bitter little ball; who's the fairest of them all?" The wilds of Weymouth claims our fair stalwart friend as its own. With swagger stick and flashlight in hand, Peter "Cease" became one of the unsung leaders and intelligent scholars of the fine art of engineering. N'ere a night would pass that Peter wouldn't devour the ancient manuscripts of his chosen profession. These endeavors eventually brought his recognition and well deserved promotion as the Cadet Lieutenant of Watch IV. With these traits in mind, we know that Peter will travel the long road of success in record time.

WALTER JOSEPH LIBERTY

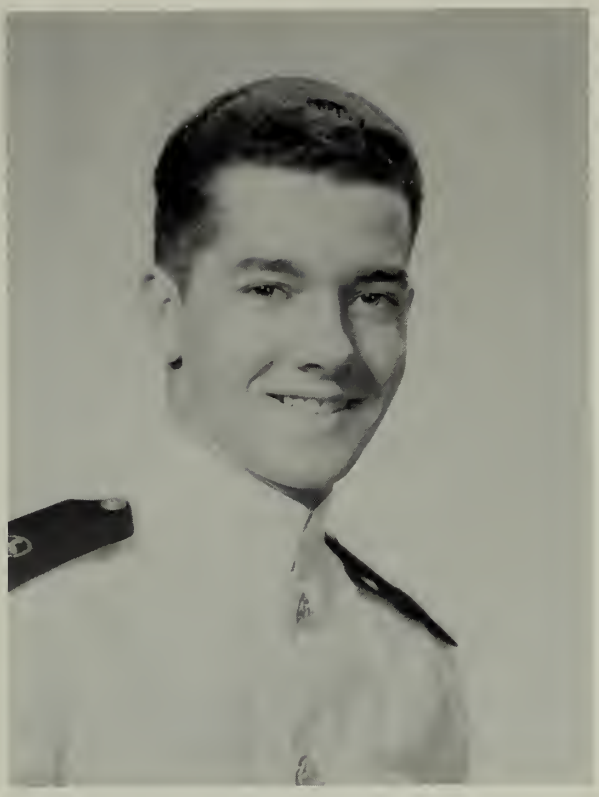
Haven Street
Dover, Massachusetts

"Joe"

Glee Club
Newman Club
Horizontal Club
Intramural Sports

Joe arrived at the starting gate of M.M.A. with his "Hair" blowing in the wind and his full race mill turning over like cars were going out of style. With that one weekend a month routine, Joe and the rest of us would-be racing enthusiasts soon forgot about Fords, Pontiacs and Buicks, and quickly started down-shifting with Impulse, Reaction and Uniflows.

The upper job year found "Lib" boning up for those license exams with new-found vigor. Industry was never lacking in Joe, and he always found time to laugh a little with the rest of the "Watch Fourer's." Well liked by all, Joe looks forward to a very promising career.



DONALD H. MacDOUGALL
87 Jericho Street
Falmouth, Massachusetts
"Manny"

V. Pres. Propeller Club
Supper Club
Turk Club
Mad Bombers, Inc.
Horizontal Club
Cadet Ensign

Hey, who's that dark conspicuous character in those kilts coming across the gangway. It was none other than "Manny," or known to some as "Mac." His quiet manner and cozy habits made him virtually an unknown. Many a rumor was started, but no one knew where until some one spotted a certain sheepish grin in a far off corner. Mac was not one to slight the books and his endeavor paid off in his first class year by becoming one of the Destroyer Division Leaders. The best of luck in the merchies; we know you'll come out on top.

JOHN T. McGEE, JR.

16 Milton Road
Danvers, Massachusetts

"Fibber"

Baseball 1,2,3
Horizontal Club
K.P.V.F.D.
Palace A.C.
Propeller Club

Past experience tells us, "There is no person that is perfect in a game of chance." Yet low and behold the champion of the card was amongst us. His quiet but sure manner stymied many a local amateur card shark on the whist tables. When it came to skill, Jack was perfection plus; from crossword puzzles to tending to third base.

Not only in these fields did he excel but as we know, his perfect calmness and confidence carried him through many a merry mid-watch.

Few managed to surpass "Fibber" in the classroom where his ability to adjust from diesels to dielectrics was perfect. We know that he will even surpass his North Shore predecessors in this the age of rotors and reactors.

ANTHONY JOHN SALEMI
50 Luke Road
Everett, Massachusetts
"Count"

Watch IV (Old Guard)
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Supper Club
20-20 Club

From a mysterious castle in a far corner of Everett, the "mafia's" long black hand stretched out placing in our midst a new middie of royal blood. Seemingly aloof from us at first, "the Count" strode about the campus with his head held high; however, he soon found that the sea was not so far below him. Every time the "Bay State" cast off from shore, Tony would turn "green" with envy and pride but with the help of A.P.C.'s and salt tablets, struggled on.

Upon returning to Academy grounds, Tony saddled up to Reno King and other great authors and became an outstanding figure in the book department. Although his new found knowledge of the sea might only carry him as far as Georgetown via Route 1, we know he will become outstanding in whatever field he chooses. Smooth sailing Tony.

PETER F. WALZER, JR.

47 W. Sigourney Street
Lynn, Massachusetts

"Pete"

Horizontal Club
Glee Club
Newman Club
New Third Reich

Who stole my lampshades? The sole survivor of the "Bismark" came to the Academy in quest of knowledge to rebuild the "Third Reich." Pete soon found that America was O.K., so he turned his thoughts to the necessities of life.

Time rushed by and much to Peter's dismay someone told him that he had better be preserved for Posterity and that an 18" by 24" oil painting might just do the trick.

With license exams not too far away, Pete got real intimate with Mr. King and Mr. Osbourne and rose to his rightful position in our class. In the top 10 is not too bad in anybody's book. So long Peter and Sieg Hiel.

Massachusetts Maritime Academy Training Ship
BAY STATE

NAVIGATION DIVISION

Roger A. Fredette
Robert J. O'Reilly

ROGER A. FREDETTE

30 Greenacre Lane
East Longmeadow, Massachusetts

"Aime"

Propeller Club Pres.
Glee Club
Gray Gables
Cadet Lieutenant

Quiet and studious are two words which pretty well sum up Roger's three years at the Academy. Not one to try and beat the system, "Freddy" was usually in the right place at the right time. Efficiency was a must with Roger, and a certain throat clearing individual submitted the high bid for him when it came time for the Cadet Officers to be selected. A friend to all, Roger never refused to lend a helping hand.

It is with no reservations that we predict "Freddie's" success in any field of endeavor.

ROBERT J. O'REILLY
23 Wellesley Park
Dorchester, Massachusetts
"Reill"

Cadet Ensign (Ret.)
Honor Guard
Century Club
Glee Club
Frogman Club
L.G.T., Inc.

Little did the unsuspecting middies realize that a great movie producer was in our midst when "Reill" joined our organization.

It soon became evident that such was the case, however, because Bob was always to be found behind the cameras, directing operations.

Cecil B. O'Reilly's productions were responsible for the famous "PING" extravaganzas, those breath-taking panoramas that seriously threatened to replace the sleeping pill as the universal sedative. 10 Pings were enough to put you away for the whole period!!!!

But, Bob also excelled in other fields. He proved, early in his youngie year, that he was an excellent seaman and as time went by he proved his worth in the classroom. As long as he stays away from Detective work, he should be pretty safe. Best of Luck always Bob.

SECOND CLASS

DECK

Front: Dempsey, O'Donnell, Dwyer, Kradolfer, Brown, Cain. **Middle:** O'Leary, Fuller, Harris, Grady, Halloran, Dillon, Hureau, Atkins, Van-Ummersen, Hindle. **Rear:** Hartshorn, Frodyma, Fraser, Shields, Crocker, Sheehan.

ENGINE

Front: LaPreste, Gardner, Lynch, Brown, Whitney, Ballard, Slattery. **Middle:** Jones, Korin, Ward, Trudell, Dechamps, Destremps, Prouty, Giles, Spero, Shea. **Rear:** Harrington, Bourneuff, Cassidy, Pina, Verrochi, McNichol.

THIRD CLASS

GROUP A

Front: Thibedeau, Flynn, O'Sullivan, Bartlett, O'Brien, Leonard, Shea. **Middle:** Worth, Dolan, Redman, Sundquist, Lopes, Keane, Jensen, Christi. **Rear:** Aylesbury, Mooney, Richards, Campbell, Stone, Ascollilo.

GROUP B

Front: Sullain, Cashman, Huyghe, Haley, Reilly, Donovan. **Middle:** Hennigan, Caiger, Timoney, Richt, McClellan, Fuller, Harkins, Raymond, Warren, Federico. **Rear:** Doherty, Mallet, Harrington, Brierly, Sweeney, Bridges.

CREW

Boatswain TRIBOU

Ships' Clerk COGHLAN

Carpenter SELFE

Seaman RIPLEY

Seaman ALDEN

Sailmaker RAYMOND

Repairman THOMPSON

Seaman STEWART

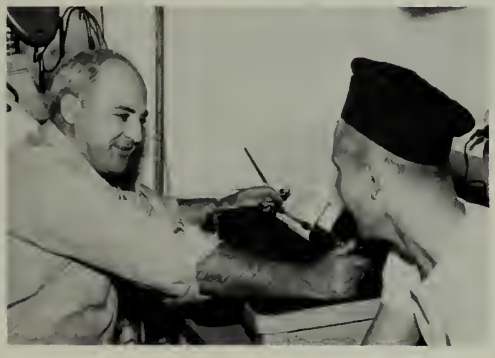
Machinist LACASSE

Master At Arms LACASSE

Machinist CUSTER

Cooks LELIEVRE AND MONIZ

Cook LEIGHTON



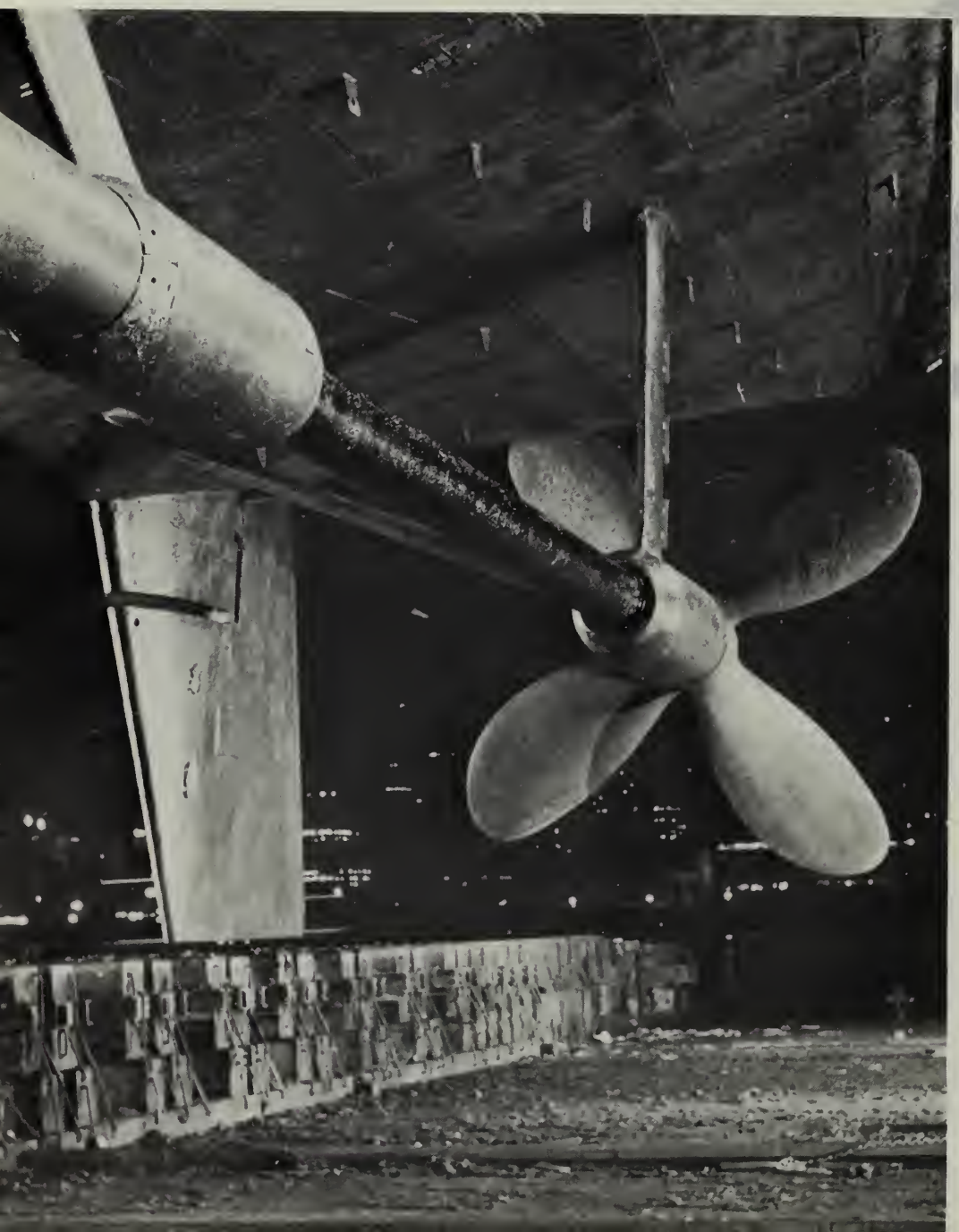
Pharmacist Mate TASSINARI

Mess Boys and Storekeeper KENT

Cook KELLY

Electrician MAYNARD

CRUISES



A unique feature of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy is the fact that its campus covers two thirds of the earth's surface. Each year a training cruise is made to foreign ports to enable the cadets to put into practice the theory he has learned in the classroom. It is also an excellent time for him to observe the way people live in other parts of the world.

MARDI GRAS
New Orleans
Kings Ranch
Rio Grande
Corpus Christi
Tampa
Gulf of Mexico
Habana
Progresso
Caribbean
Pacific Ocean

1958
CRUISE
Departed 1-20-58
Returned 4-6-58
8831 Miles
HATTERAS
Atlantic
Ocean
Dominican
Republic
SAN JUAN
CIUDAD
Trujillo
JAMAICA
Sea

1958

In all organizations there should be no flaws, but some how a fly got into the ointment at M.M.A. in January of '58. The shiny new ship wasn't quite prepared for sea, mechanically or otherwise. The "otherwise" part was solved by "hiring" a few young men who were willing and able to carry stores aboard all through the night.

Then, on the morning of January 20, families and friends came down to the Point to wish the new luxury liner, BAY STATE, bon voyage as she started on her maiden cruise.

Moving smoothly south the first day out, orders were given to tie, nail or weld down all movable objects in case rough weather should be encountered.

The stories told by the upper classes were listened to but not believed for everything was running like clockwork. But soon, Neptune was to turn his foul weather eye upon the ill-fated BAY STATE. Heavy seas and high winds began to toss her about much to the consternation of the new third class as well as many of the older "salts" aboard.

The engineering department decided that the trip down should be slow and easy so all machinery could be tested thoroughly. "Coffee breaks" were frequent (33 and all) because of the lack of air for the all important boiler down below.

When St. Thomas was sighted, all aboard breathed a sign of relief but hopes were shattered by the Captain when he stepped on the bridge, pointed to starboard and said, "Go west, young men, go west." And west we went, toward San Juan, Puerto Rico and dry dock.

The historic walls and bastions of Morro Castle loomed above the BAY STATE as she sailed into the harbor of old San Juan. Amongst the palm trees and beneath the tropical sun, many fruits were brought to bear as the middies were turned loose upon this Caribbean paradise to release the pent up tensions built up on the harrowing passage down.

The lovely young ladies of El Chico's burst into tears as our two week stay came to an end, and with the well wishes of the Puerto Rican Dry Dock Company, we bravely steamed out of the harbor toward our next port of call, Cuidad Trujillo, Dominican Republic.

The island of Hispanola is divided in two parts, Haiti and the Dominican Republic and it was the principal port of the latter country that we sighted three days out of San Juan.

After tieing up across the harbor from the city of Cuidad Trujillo, we soon piled into the liberty launch to see what the city had to offer in the way of entertainment. Ashore in the fair town, we were astounded at the popularity of the president. The people apparently loved him; there were statues, busts, and pictures in every house and on every corner. The beer was even named El Presidente.

Cuidad had all the general aspects of San Juan in respect to swimming, tropical sun and scenery and by the time dusk had fallen over the city, the experienced "Don Juans" had moved in just as they had in Puerto Rico. Souvenirs of the island were plentiful and the middies came back from town loaded down with hand bags, mahogany carvings, straw hats and cartons of firecrackers. Some of the latter were dropped at the Captain's feet much to the embarrassment of certain individuals.

Even though liberty was plentiful, there were many downhearted middies, for Uncle Sam's mail service hadn't been able to keep up with our rapid changes in schedule, but all in all, trying to keep up with us is like trying to follow a roach through one of Mo's cakes. But as we bid good-bye to the land of the Trujillo family, we were happy for New Orleans and the wonderful Mardi Gras awaited the "BAY STATE boys."

The trip around Cuba and across the Gulf proved to be the roughest yet, but thanks to our voyage down, we were already "salts of the sea."

Cold and rainy weather prevailed as the BAY STATE chugged up the Mississippi to New Orleans. Clouds were thick as we left the quarantine anchorage at Algiers for our berth in the Crescent City. Experience had shown that the "new boat" was easy to handle and we slipped "into" the pier. Digging ourselves out, we threw haughty glances at the faulty tugs and the incident was forgotten with the arrival of the long awaited mail.

The Mardi Gras greeted us with open arms as we stepped upon the sidewalks along Canal Street. From every nook and cranny of the city fun and excitement pours forth; this indeed was beyond our expectations.

The middies, with their holiday "costumes" were everywhere, and it was a rare sight to see a classmate on Bourbon Street without a beautiful Southern belle on his arm.

The Southern gentlemen forgot their manners when they heard our version of the "Rebel Yell" in Patty O'Briens, but we held our own until the "86" was passed whereby all involved escaped over the back fence unscarred by the sons of the south. All night liberty was granted to the brave and places like the French Quarter, Bourbon and Basin Streets, the House of the Seven Sisters, and even the Roosevelt became a three day home. Shrove Tuesday signaled the end of the Mardi Gras and as the Crescent City crept into the quiet slumber of Lent, we sorrowfully said good-bye to the wonderful city on the Delta.

After only four or five hours in the city, the Batista regime began to wonder if the boys were really espionage agents sent by his bearded opponent. Adjusting quickly to the ever present armed guards, the point of interest narrowed down to one field of interest—the rum distilleries. As a result, for the next three nights, there was a constant flow of bum boats to the forecastle of our fair ship, assuring the happiness of the boys on the return trip. The natives who had fled the city on our arrival returned on departure day to try and restore order. Project number one — rebuild the Cuban Naval Academy (where some of the more boorish of the class had distinguished themselves).

The next port of call was to be the land of chile con carne and the bullfight and all liberty hands were busily preparing for any new type of entertainment they might run across in Mexico.

Anchoring about five miles out from the Yucatan city of Progresso, we remained there quietly sunning for the next four days, and then hove in the anchor to steam out on schedule. Not much more can be told about the port for there was no liberty and even less fun. The happening of note were the gala bilge parties held in the "cellar" for the third class who were switching from deck to engineering.

Upon entering Havana harbor, we gazed askance at this substitute for Jamacia's Montego Bay. Warning was sent to Havana from New Orleans that we were on our way and after the port authorities watched us maneuver about the harbor for the better part of an hour, they sent word that it might be better for all concerned if we would just anchor out.

After Havana, Corpus Christi seemingly had little to offer, and one and all were prepared for a comparitively dull four days. However, when we steamed into this trick Texan Harbor we found the city brimming with hospitality. Everything was free for the Middies asking and an informal dance was held to start off what was to prove a truly wonderful port. The Texan girls were enchanted with Yankee Accents and Naval Uniforms and the BAY STATE's stay was enjoyed by the hostesses as well as the guests. Extra liberty to many was well received, but we must admit that the biggest "DEAL" in Corpus was the King Ranch Barbeque.

As we prepared to sail once more, we wondered how soon we would be able to return to this fair Texan City. Many hearts, both on the BAY STATE and in Corpus, hope that day will arrive quickly.

On the way to Tampa, the Snipes in the forward engine room took another one of their now famous mechanical coffee breaks, but this time it was for good.

When we arrived in Tampa, a day late, we were resigned to our fate of a long stay in the shipyard. The city itself had little to offer and even that was not available to the Middies. A Red Sox game in St. Pete and a good U.S.O. show on board were the highlights of the port. None were saddened as we departed the next day for Nassau in the Bahamas.

The shipyard work done in Tampa proved ineffectual and with only one engine to push our fugitive from the Gillette Blade Company through the water, the schedule was once again changed. Instead of Nassau and the Bahamas we were offered a sort of consolation port in the form of Jacksonville, Florida.

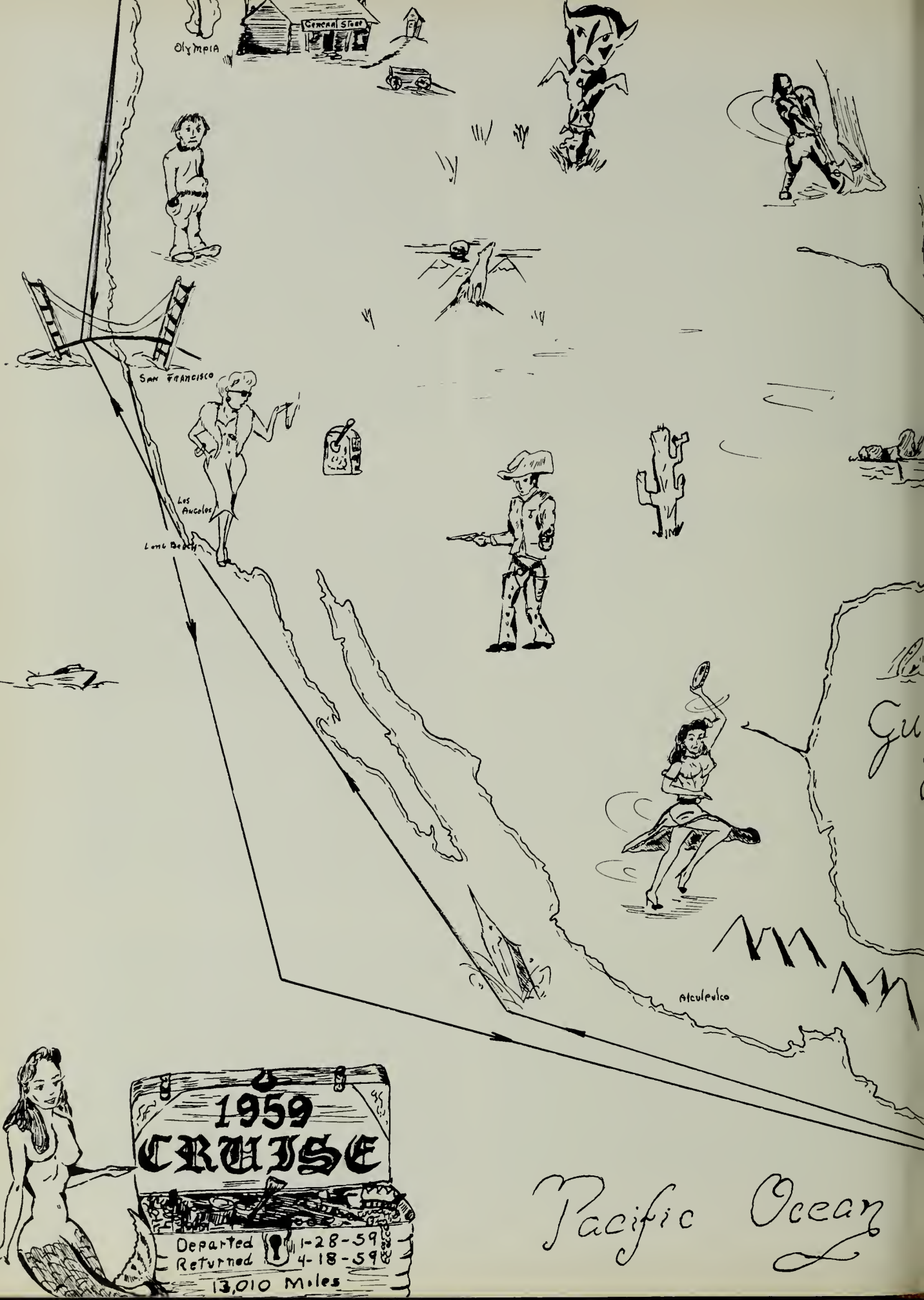
Midshipmen weren't a very welcome sight in Jax for there seemed to be more sailors in the town than we had seen at sea. We went unnoticed for the most part except by certain members of the U.S.O. who planned trips to Marineland and St. Augustine. (These trips being an age old method of extracting the last remaining sheckles from reluctant tourists).

No one was concerned by the activities in this sunny (forecast-cold with drizzle) Florida city, for the last leg of the journey loomed pleasantly ahead—The run to Boston.

We had hoped for an easy and quick passage home, but once more Cape Hatteras was determined not to let us pass unscathed and threw the roughest water of the trip our way in the form of a left over gale. The ship bulled her way through and shortly the well remembered places left behind came once again into view.

Buzzards Bay never looked so good as we steamed through the canal on our way to Boston.

Pulling into the Boston Army base, a tremendous crowd of one was on hand to greet the schoolship, but even with this fizzled welcome it was great to eat a Sunday dinner at home.


Olympia
General Store
San Francisco
Los Angeles
Long Beach
Acapulco
1959
CRUISE
Departed 1-28-59
Returned 4-18-59
13,010 Miles
Pacific Ocean

1959

On a chilly morning in January, our Second Class Cruise began. It was a somewhat different departure from that which we had experienced the year before; for there were no crowds of well-wishers on the dock, and this was a lonely refueling pier in Boston harbor and not Buzzards Bay, and we were leaving, not for Europe as we had hoped, but for the Pacific Northwest.

The previous cruise started with tossing seas, and high winds and we expected the same this year. Copying our predecessors we had regaled the third class with salty stories of sleepless nights and uncomfortable days, with the ship rolling about and the weather decks secured for all hands. We were laughed at as usual, but this time there was no opportunity to save face for the weather remained calm, a pattern which was to prove typical throughout the cruise.

Cristobal, Canal Zone was to be the first port of call but a change in plans was made at the last minute and we transited the canal before docking. Being accustomed to these small changes we took the whole thing in stride as Balboa sounded just as good as Cristobal.

The trip through the canal made the shutter-bugs unhappy, for it was made at night. It was marked only by a colossal water fight in Gatun Lake, which had started out as a simple fresh water wash down.

Tying up at the Rodman Naval Base we readied ourselves for our beloved liberty. Balboa is the American Settlement at the west end of the Canal so most of the Middies pushed on into Panama City itself. The barter system prevailed and most of our shoppers came out on top due to their Yankee shrewdness.

Apparently Panama wasn't much of an attraction and the majority of liberty hounds made a beeline for the Panama Hilton or returned to the swimming pool at Rodman.

Rodman soon became the center of our activities, for besides the wonderful swimming pool which, we completely dominated, there were economical refreshments at the EM Club. Even though the Senoritas were prettier than usual here, no one shed any tears as we cast off our lines and set course for Mexico.

Leaving the Canal Zone to simmer in the sun, everyone was dreaming of the next port, Acapulco. The water remained calm and we experienced s m o o t h sailing and plentiful "bennies" on the long trip up the west coast of Central America. Before we reached the Gulf of Tehuantepec however, the word was out that we weren't going to stop at all, but to continue on to Long Beach. The only explanation seemed to be that the President was vacationing in Acapulco and, knowing our reputation, the Mexicans had pulled in the welcome mat.

As a result of this cut in the itinerary, we gained time. It was utilized by slowing down to trolling speed and for a short time the BAY STATE became the largest sport fisherman in the Pacific. During the ten day trip morale took a nose dive, but with the help of our most cheerful deck officer who held Rosary Lenten services every night in the forecastle, we managed to grin and bear it. At this time we were also introduced to that pleasant Navy Institution, the Captains Inspection. GO NAVY!

Sailing up the coast, we were accompained by warm sunny days' and cool nights. As we neared our goal, Olympia Washington, we were welcomed by our own friendly rain cloud, which had apparently followed us all the way from Buzzards Bay to make us feel at home.

At the foot of Puget sound, in Budd Inlet, lies a monument to America's seagoing war effort. Tired old hulks, long since weary of transporting men and machines, lay at anchor, rusting away as they wait for the inevitable shipbreakers torch. Among them was the former U.S.S. FELAND, sister ship of our own BAY STATE. Our mission was to salvage as much useful material and parts as possible in ten days.

Long Beach was finally sighted, but by radar only, as visibility was cut down to zero by the famous L.A. smog. After an uneventful docking and a welcome mail call we broke out our dress blues for a peek at the Norfolk of the west coast. Wizened somewhat to Navy Towns most of the Middies moved out of Long Beach in all directions. We took in all the sights; Los Angeles, Hollywood, Disneyland, and other lesser known places in Southern California. Some of the brave even made a dash down to Tiuajana for "souvenirs."

We left with the impression that Long Beach was slightly over-rated, and besides, the "fishing" here was not nearly as good as expected.

The Middies started in on their task by seizing such valuable items as two hundred AC fans, four portable telephones, a non-functioning radar set, and sundry fittings. The engineers went right to town, removing everything that would fit through the engine room door. Thanks must go to the deckmen, for through their careful handling of gear from the FELAND to the BAY STATE, the engineering department now has enough gadgets for the next twenty years.

The city of Olympia lies nestled in the foothills of the Olympic Mountain range, and it was this sparsely populated area which played host to two hundred midshipmen during their few hours of liberty. The choice of amusements soon narrowed down to the Olympia brewery, the product of which was available to those having the fifteen cents for the bus into town.

The early morning hours of departure day found the BAY STATE preparing herself for sea. On leaving Puget Sound, warning came of a gale which was then whipping up in the Pacific, so we sought shelter in Port Angeles until the following morning when the weather abated.

Three days after clearing Tatoosh Island and the Straits of Juan de Fuca, we lay outside the Golden Gate, waiting for the pilot to take us into the city of San Francisco.

Our berth was at the end of the Embarcadero, near Fishermans' wharf and the Russian Hill cable car line. A compulsory bus tour sponsored by the San Francisco Chapter of the Propeller club proved to be one of the finest "deals" in the port, and even the grumblers were happy with this fantastic city. San Francisco, as everyone knows, is built on seven hills, and it seemed as if the BAY STATE boys' had taken over all seven before the first days' liberty was over. Sampling everything from the Top O' the Mark, and Chinatown, to such night spots as the Hungry i, Monkey Inn, and the Red Onion, the town was declared by one and all to be the best liberty port we had encountered.

As the BAY STATE once more sailed under the Golden Gate Bridge there were few of us who did not feel pangs of regret that the five days in port were over, but ahead lay twelve days in which to recuperate from the affects of our recent nocturnal adventures.

The long journey back to the Canal gave everyone a chance to catch up on any tan they had lost while under the cloud cover in Olympia. We stopped twice on this trip, once to add lube oil to the generator, and the second time to see if the Lyle gun really worked. (Heave away Gang).

On Good Friday we pulled into Rodman and staged a repeat performance of our previous stay. The Schoolship spent a quiet Easter weekend moored to the pier in Balboa, and the Midshipmen spent most of their time at the swimming pool and the EM Club.

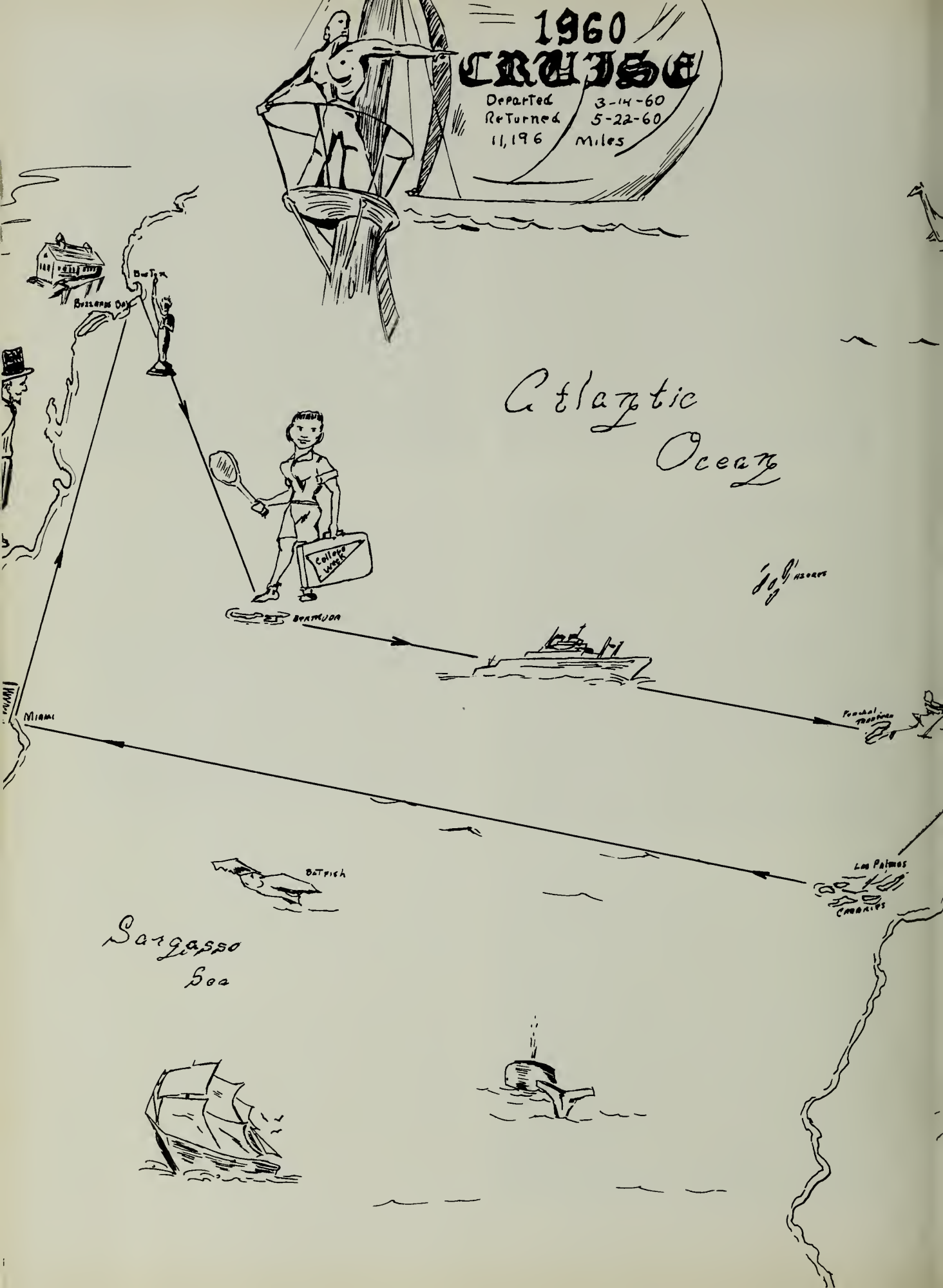
After transiting the Canal, this time in daylight (snap those pictures), the BAY STATE made an uneventful passage across the Caribbean and up the coast, calm weather prevailing all the way.

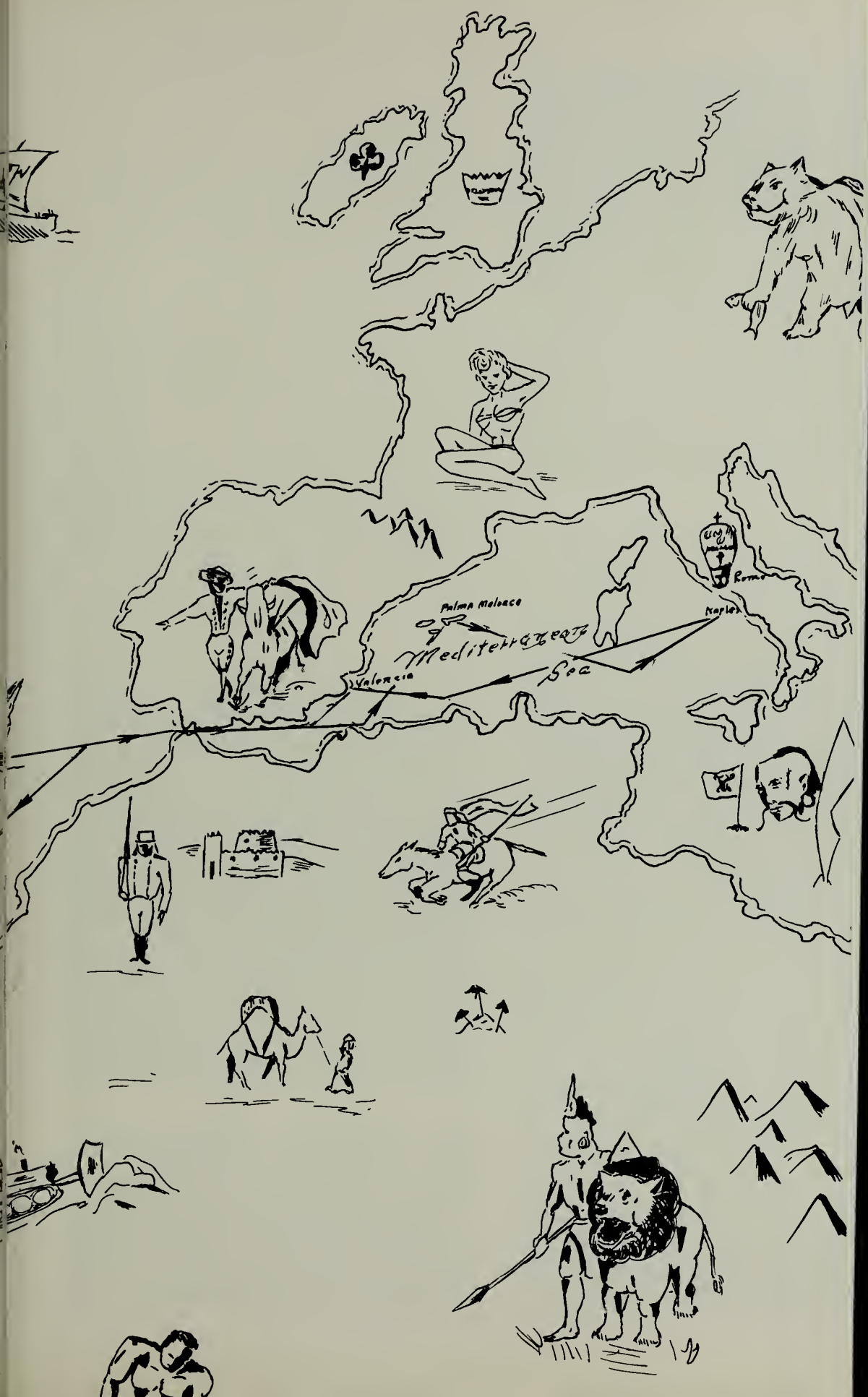
Our last port of call, Baltimore, Maryland, was reached after a fine, all day sail up the Chesapeake. Picturesque Southern Homes reminded us of the time when this area played an important role in the history of our country.

Baltimore made very little impression on anyone, but it did provide the Midshipmen with one last fling before good old Beantown. During the day a tour was available for those wishing to visit Annapolis, the idea being, to show us how our counterparts live in the Navy.

Our Baltimore stay passed quickly to the regret of none, and all hands were happy to see the BAY STATE MARU push her nose into the narrow Chesapeake and Delaware Canal. The confined maneuvering was handled by our young confident pilot but there were great pools of sweat on the bridge, and a few more grey hairs on the Captain's head as we turned south into Delaware Bay and headed for home.

Again the old familiar sights and sounds of Boston assailed us and hearts were gay, for in a few hours salty tales would be spilled out in that wonderful place known as the family dining room.


1960
CRUISE
Departed 3-14-60
Returned 5-22-60
11,196 Miles
Atlantic
Ocean
College Week
Miami
Los Palmas
Sargasso
Sea



1960

While everyone was home enjoying the Christmas holidays, someone crept down to the forward engineroom and "pulled the plug" out of the forward boiler. With a big swoosh, the tubes collapsed and the ensuing repairs caused the delay of our final cruise by two months.

When the day of departure finally arrived, the usual throng was on hand to bid good-bye to the cadets on their way to Europe.

Bermuda was the first stop in crossing the Pond. Having never been to a British island before, we found things somewhat confusing but with the help of taxis, motorbikes and Canadian sailors, the middies quickly adapted themselves.

One of the more attractive features of the island was that the girls were gathering for College Week. With these as additions to the already pleasant environment, the four days passed all too quickly, but it was now time to shove off for Madeira.

The trip across was uneventful for the most part. The engineers were an exception to this, for they spent most of their time scurrying around below looking for lost water. It was finally found escaping up the after stack.

"Hey man! See the boy dive." This was the cry that greeted the BAY STATE as she steamed into the roadstead at Funchal, Madeira. This tiny island was the first real taste of Europe we sampled and almost everyone had a piece. It offered bargains for the folks back home in the form of the famous Madeira lace and linen. For the gang on cruise, there was the highly touted wine. Along with selling fine souvenirs, the island offered spectacular touring, ranging from steep mountains to rides down cobble stone streets in basket sleds. The night life of the island is not the greatest in the world, but the Casanova Club and the Green Door did manage to draw a crowd; after all, they did beat the Loew's Orpheum on the Ol deck.

The cadet officer joined the upper crust of the island and these fine folk did not let a night go by without having some sort of party or dinner in our leader's honor at one of the better hotels.

We were soon at sea, steaming alone as they say in the Navy, on a course which would take us to Gibraltar. All hands were now busily preparing themselves for the first Mediterranean port of the cruise, Spain's Palma de Mallorca. The "Rock" was not visible on the inbound passage as night had fallen but there were all kinds of schemes afoot to get a daylight passage westbound.

Palma serves as the southern vacation spot for all Europeans who find the Riviera too rich for their blood, and as the whole island is geared for good-time-seekers, the resourceful middies found plenty of things to do. Here most of the guys were introduced to that magnificent little machine called the Vespa. They were the down FALL of many a good man, but for the most part, he got up with a grin and headed for one of these numerous back street cafes which brought so much enjoyment to all concerned.

As an added note to round out the pleasant memories of the port, we were granted an extension of liberty for acting as perfect gentlemen ashore.

The three day passage to sunny Italy sped by, marked only by leaky boiler tubes. It was felt in some quarters that by the end of the cruise there would be more plugs in the boiler than tubes. But even with our mechanical difficulties we were ahead of schedule by the time Capri and the city of Naples were in view.

The ship would be in port six days, but few would learn the delights of Napoli. With Rome so close, and guided tours available, most of the midshipmen headed for the Eternal City as soon as they were ashore.

Rome proved to be everything the history and geography books said, and more. From the ancient Colosseum to the modern Victor Emmanual Memorial and the ever beautiful Vatican, there was nothing that failed to please the tourist in us. They had the added advantage of being there during Holy Week.

Free time was utilied by seeing all the sights not included on the tour. These consisted mostly of the Via Veneto and its hodge podge of humanity. The American Bar played host and it soon became the focal point for the adventures of the "Americans in Europe."

Back in Naples to relieve the other watch, we found the U. S. Navy in port for the Easter holidays. We are still puzzled as to why we had to turn down their offered hospitality. "Are we too good for them, sir?"

Headed for Spain, wild stories of the shore leave soon dwindled and we settled once more into underway routine. The rope chokers were hammering away at the decks and the weary black gang tried in vain to rest in between bouts with their unruly teakettle.

Once in Spain, a long dusty hike awaited those liberty hounds who first dashed off for Valencia. The local customs of sleeping in the afternoon and eating supper late in the evening shot hole in our liberty. We found ourselves heading back to the ship just as the city was coming to life.

For two of the three days we would be there, the city would be having a fiesta to celebrate its Saint's Day. For us, festivities were headed by the reception for officers and cadet officers in the city palace. Here, old records were viewed and more interesting champagne was tasted.

Later that same afternoon, in the Plaza de Toros, came the spectacle of them all, the bullfight. Many came away certain that they had seen their last bullfight, but others were entranced by the color and danger of Spain's national sport.

The Valencian holiday was soon over and once more we were at sea, headed out of the Mediterranean and into the Atlantic, bound for the Canary Islands.

Las Palmas, the port Columbus left on his discovery cruise in 1492, was also celebrating, this time it was the 477th anniversary of Spain's rule of the Canaries. As part of the festivities, members of the La Scala Opera Company of Milan put on performances to which the midshipmen were cordially invited. The opera was a different but welcome change from the cimeramic productions that "Cecil B." O'Reilly had been flashing before us on and off throughout the cruise. Shopping for last minute gifts, swimming, and visiting the British passenger ships astern of us occupied most of our liberty time.

The long twelve day run to Miami started without incident and a peaceful trip was assured when it was decided to cease that incessant pounding of the decks, the acoustic effect of which echoed throughout the entire ship during working hours. The news that things would soo quiet down was dampened by more disheartening tidings. The boiler had given out completely and the good speed which had marked our passage so far would have to be reduced. To make things worse, the stout little man in Marine fatigues was everywhere with his kingsized flashlight raising havoc in the forward berthing compartments.

The monotony of a long passage at sea was broken up by the capture of a "sea bat" in the Sargasso Sea. With this as bait, twenty-three more fish and one pheasant were caught much to the amusement of the troops.

We made our way through the Bahamas at night and for most of the middies, the first land sighted at leaving the Canaries was none other than the coast of Florida. The city of Miami was to be the port of entry and after such a long time at sea, we were glad that the "natives" were speaking English and that there was good old American chow and brew to be consumed.

The city of Miami welcomed the Massachusetts sailors with open arms. Bus tours of the Miami Beach area were provided and there were few middies who did not take advantage of the opportunity to swim in the Gulf Stream and get the last few "bennies" before heading North.

A new scenic addition to the BAY STATE was seen strolling about the decks and spaces in the form of Miss Miami. At times this proved to be embarrassing for both her and the boys in the showers.

The engineers, meanwhile, were working feverously trying to repair the boiler in time to sail on the scheduled date. After stewing and fussing (and even using deck skill in stopping certain leaks), the Coast Guard gave their approval of the work completed and off we sailed for Buzzards Gulch and home.

The trip up was accompanied by fine weather, and work went forward at a steady pace to ready the BAY STATE for her arrival back home. Fog slowed the ship on her last night out to the anguish of all concerned, but bright and early on Sunday morning, we tied up to the familiar berth at the west end of the Canal. The Class of 1960 had been to sea in the training ship for the last time.

SPORT

S

Those who take part in organized sports at the Academy deserve all the applause we can muster. They lose not only valuable study time but are further handicapped in that they are not excused from their shipboard duties.

The lack of both proper facilities and wholehearted cooperation on the part of the authorities had understandably led to a certain amount of failure regarding team scores.

It is to their effort and undying team spirit that the following pages are dedicated.

FOOTBALL '59

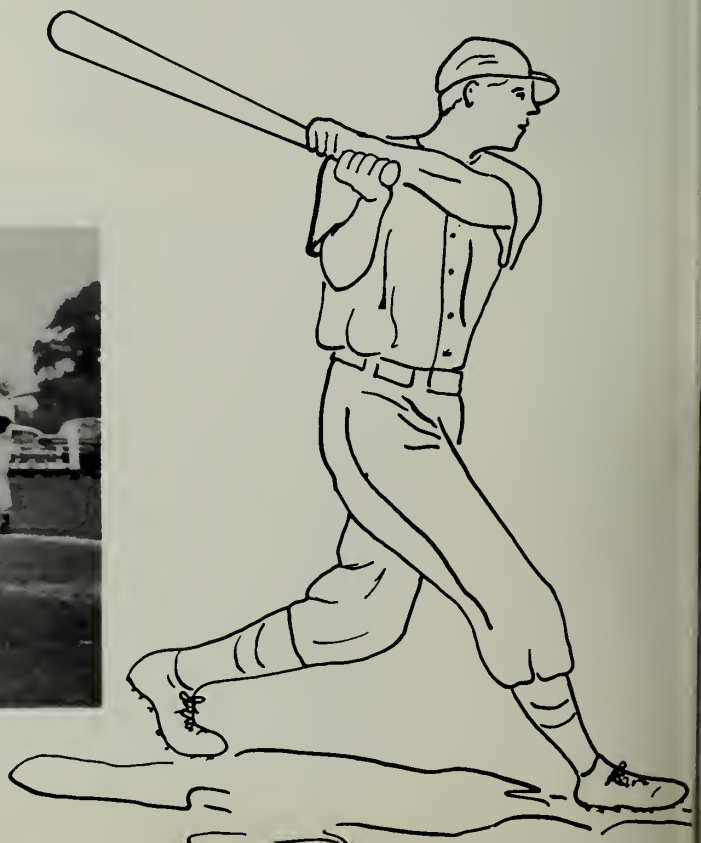
Front row, l.-r.: McLaughlin, LaCroix, Redfearn, Larkin, Ojala, Larkin, Santacroce, Jacobanis, Burns, Baldwin, Lynch, Dougherty, Nilsen, Mooney. **Rear row, l. to r.:** Doherty, Dempsey, Brown, Bartlett, Shea, Townsend, Pina, Gardner, Cassidy, O'Brien, Campbell, Campbell, T.

Coaches Hughes and Tulis

Although the football team didn't enjoy a very successful season, not enough can be said for their tremendous spirit. Starting the season with no place to practice and without a coach, the boys had all they could do to field a team for the first game. Credit must also be given to coaches Tulis and Hughes for the fine job they did with the limited facilities. Threatened by constant administration troubles, the "Blue Devils" under the leadership of Captain Benny Santacroce never said die until the final gun ended the game.

BASEBALL

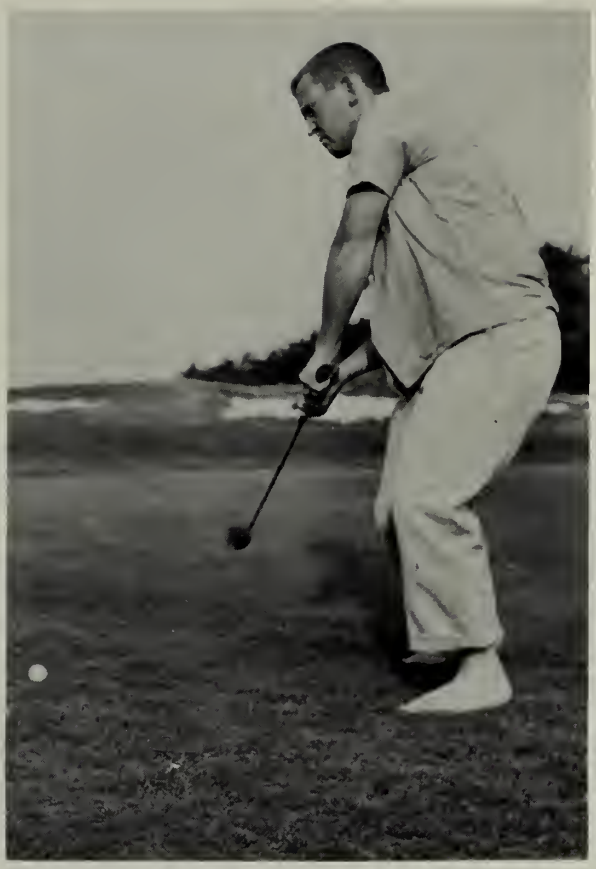
Front row, l. to r.: Aylesbury, Butler, Crosby, McGee, JT, Arruda, Quimby, Rogan.
Rear row, l. to r.: Hill, Farrell, Stack, Jefferson, McGee, PE, McNichol, Hartigan, Leonard, Coach Hendy.



TRACK

L. to R.: Kershaw, Lopes, Atkins, Brierly, Fuller.

CROSS-COUNTRY SCHEDULE
Providence College
U. S. Merchant Marine Academy
Worcester Academy
Trinity College
Worcester Polytechnic Institute
Brandeis University



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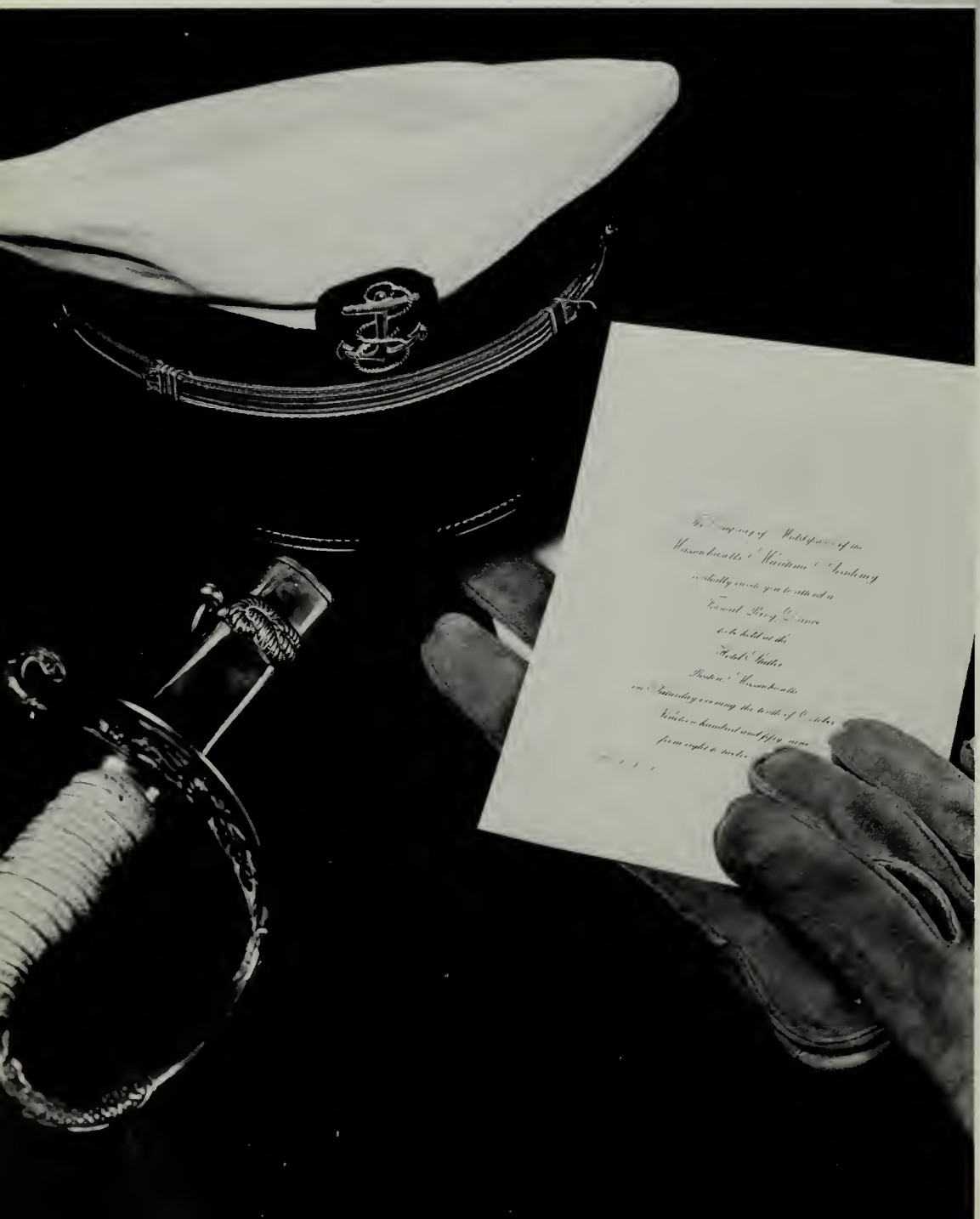


S

An important part of any educational institution is an active and sound extracurricular program. In the following pages the athletics, clubs, dances, and student functions of the Academy are presented in a pictorial history as the members of the class of 1960 took part in them over the past three years.

RING DANCE

Annually, the graduating class of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy holds a formal Ring Dance. The high point of the dance is the Ring Ceremony.

This ceremony is in actuality a marriage. It is the marriage of a young man to his profession. As a symbol of the marriage, the Academy ring is dipped into the waters of the Seven Seas upon which the midshipman will sail. These waters are contained in the binnacle, the housing for the mariner's compass. This use of the compass in the ceremony symbolizes the straight and true course the young man will sail throughout the voyage of life.

The midshipman's date is the living symbol of those in his life he will leave behind when he goes off to sea, and those who will be waiting faithfully on the shore for his safe return from the ancient and everlasting dangers encountered by the mariner.

Deck Cadet Officers

Babineau, Morris, Fredette, St. Jean, Simpson, Finochio, Rogan, Doyle, Ferrante.

Engineer Cadet Officers

McLaughlin, MacDougall, Santacroce, Vaughn, Renzi, Wiley, Horgan, Huhtanen, Arruda.

Class Officers
McLaughlin, Treasurer; Simpson, Secretary; Santacroce, President.

MUSTER Staff
McLaughlin, Morris, Wiley, St. Jean, Renzi, Simpson, Rogan, Dougherty, Doherty, Nilsen, Ferrante.

Editors Nilsen and Simpson with Mr. Dorsey, MUSTER Advisor.

photographer Mel Howard

MUSTER STAFF

MUSTER Staff Editors

Simpson, Editor in Chief; Nilsen, Associate and Art Editor; Dougherty and Doherty, Literary Editors; Morris, Business Manager; McLaughlin, Photography Editor.

BAND

R. J. St. Jean—Bandmaster

Sullivan, Dwyer, Leonard, Harrington, Cheyne, Caiger, Mooers, Keyes, Whitney, O'Leary, Hindle, Giles.

ORCHESTRA

Giles, O'Leary, Cdr. Cease, St. Jean, Kradolfer.

RING DANCE COMMITTEE
Doherty, Doyle, Hill, Finochio, Burns, Larkin, LaCroix.

RING COMMITTEE
Santacroce, Morris, LaCroix, Babineau.

One of the most unique college activities which we have is the annual dry dock and overhaul period. Since we became cadets three years ago, it seemed we were in shipyards more often than not. Although these photos are from dry dock in Hoboken, 1959, they are representative of all shipyards.

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

In the years following the Civil war, the Merchant Marine of our country declined until it reached one of it's lowest depths. In an effort to revive an industry which is so vital to a nation, the Congress, in 1874, passed a bill which made available to various ports, Naval equipment, to be used for the instruction of merchant marine cadets.

Boston was one of the first to accept this offer, and in 1891 the state legislature adopted a resolution which made three main provisions: 1) A board of commissioners would be appointed to serve three years without pay, 2) Cadets could attend free of charge without pay and 3) The state would provide and maintain the school.

In 1893, with the arrival of the USS ENTERPRISE as it's training ship, The Massachusetts Nautical School began its' work of turning out merchant marine officers.

The ENTERPRISE remained as the training ship for six years, when she was replaced by a newer vessel donated by the Navy.

The USS RANGER, a steel barkentine, became the schoolship in 1909 and remained in that capacity until the outbreak of World War I when she was renamed the ROCKPORT and became a coastal patrol craft.

Returning to the nautical school after the war she was once again renamed, this time the NANTUCKET. It was with this name that she won her fame and following. On summer cruises she took her cadets to South America, the Caribbean, Europe, and Atlantic Island ports.

In 1932 she was re-rigged a barque and so she remained for ten years when she passed out of state service and was turned over to the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy.

Just prior to World War II the nautical school was offered the use of the buildings of the state normal school in Hyannis, and having discarded the NANTUCKET as a training ship, the cadets became shore based. During the war practical training was received aboard the AMERICAN PILOT and the AMERICAN MARINER on coastal cruises.

In 1949 the school was offered the USS CHARLESTON which was then laid up in San Francisco Bay. The harbor in Hyannis not being suitable for accommodating a ship of the CHARLESTON's size, she was berthed at the State Pier in Buzzards Bay. It was also in 1949 that the name of the school was changed to Massachusetts Maritime Academy and the graduating class of that year was the first to receive a Bachelor of Science Degree.

With the shore base and the ship so far apart, it was decided that the best thing to do was to move everything from Hyannis to Buzzards Bay, where things could be more centralized. The warehouse on the state pier was converted to classrooms, and this, along with the dock itself, has for the past decade comprised the shore side facilities.

The year 1957 found the CHARLESTON seriously outdated, and with the offer of a new ship from the Maritime Administration, it was decided that she had fulfilled her service as a training ship.

The U.S.S. DOYEN, a Pacific combat veteran built in Los Angeles in 1945, was selected as the CHARLESTON'S successor. Reconditioned and renamed the BAY STATE in November of 1958, she became the academy's fourth and largest training vessel.

At the present time the academy is in the middle of a tremendous expansion program. Excellent docking facilities for the larger training ship have been built and the long awaited building program is at last under way. An indication that the red tape as it were has finally been cut.

However, it must be said that along with the expansion of facilities, a reform in the set up of the school itself is a must. Today, jobs at sea are not as plentiful as they were two decades ago, consequently graduates of the schoolship must seek employment in other fields and industries. Therefore due to this scarcity of jobs at sea plus a definite increase in the standards of education, the cadet needs a far more varied education than his predecessors were exposed to.

It is the sincere hope of the class of 1960 that the school continues to grow in all aspects, and it will be a strong personal interest to watch her development in the years to come.

A TALE OF TWO SHIPS.

On a cloudy, drizzly, July day in the year 1957, a solemn group of "young men" assembled from all parts of the Commonwealth to enter the Nation's oldest maritime college.

They filed aboard a tiny grey ship named the CHARLESTON, and she will always remain in their memories as the symbol of many confusing things to come. It seemed impossible that eighty men could get into the compartment assigned them, much less live there. If sleeping was difficult, washing was so easy that it was a dream, and a dream it remained unless these youngies got up in the middle of the night. Four tin wash bowls were ample enough so they DID get by although, some of that famed Yankee Ingenuity was sorely strained.

What's that, HAZING?, Of course not!! Why, it says right here in Rules and Regulations that there is none. Can't you read? "HEY YOU, get the hell over here and shine my shoes or you'll be under the boiler all night." Of course this statment had no real value and served only as incentive to the new men.

There's nothing like going to school on the Cape in the summertime, just ask any of the men at the Cape Cod College of Nautical Knowledge! (Especially at 2200 Sunday Night).

Located on the shores of Buzzards Bay with our own "beach facilities", the academy holds classes the year 'round! The setting is so picturesque that tourists flock down to the school from all over the country. (So many in fact, a chain link fence was built to keep them out.)

Things weren't really so bad on the "CHUN" though because there was a beautiful pink lady moored to the face of the dock which was soon going to New York to be made suitable for human inhabitation. A month later when she was supposed to return, everyone knew that there was going to be a stateroom for every two guys in the school, among other unheard of conveniences. Several weeks (or was it months) later she did return and there was very little habitable space let alone staterooms.

Now for the first time the marvelous flexibility of our school was demonstrated when classes were suddenly dropped and all hands pitched in to get her ready to become the school's fourth training ship.

Several days before Thanksgiving of "57" we joyously moved in, completely happy with our good fortune. Wide eyed middies could be found everywhere. "Hey, Look at this!" hot running water and real wash bowls, and bunks only two high, two whole lockers (boosting our normal 2¼ square feet of storage space up to 4½) WHAT LUXURY!!! From their comments it can be gathered that they have never been disillusioned about their good fortune of living on such a fine ship.

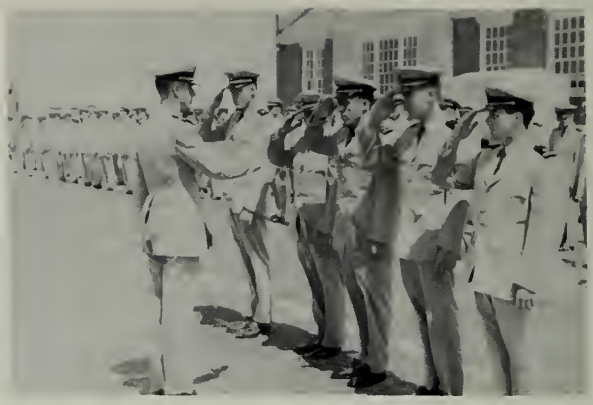
One of the things they seemed to enjoy was the fact that it was impossible to plan ahead. This, they figured was another morale booster. Everyone knows how much fun surprises are. Take one of the biggest surprises of all, final exams., in the fall term. You can imagine the smiles of delight when one days warning was given of the exams, no explanation, just be prepared for anything. This imposed no real hardship though, the middies found plenty of time to study in between carrying stores from the abandoned "CHUN" to the "BAY STATE." (But "Saint", I have an exam tomor . . .)

But then . . . it was Christmas. The campus was deserted, left by the students who had gone home for the Holidays. Of course everyone knows what a college holiday is, that's one of those periods of time in which the students take turn to come back to school for a day or so in order to have it nice and homey for those returning later.

But Santa was good to the boys that year, he decided to give them a winter vacation trip to the warm Caribbean. O Boy!, Deck Chairs, tall cool drinks, (called "bug Juice" and not always cool) warm sunny weather, interesting ports like Trinidad, Barbados, Nassau, not to mention the most exotic and enjoyable of them all, Progresso, Mexico.

The fare on such a cruise was remarkably low, too. You see they were "workaways." While the ship's orchestra played its' famous Music To Paint By the time passed so quickly that everyone was amazed. You see the ship they sailed on is one of that famous line that advertises "Getting there is half the fun" . . .

When the ship returned from the cruise, there was another of the many leave periods before classes started. In no time at all it was time to go on our summer vacation. Where to? Ahhh, New York!! Brooklyn in July, what could be nicer? Fragrant sea breezes dominate the wonderful scenic pier, soft summer sunlight on the rustic docks, Greenwich Village, the parks and buildings, in fact it was so much fun, that, when offered the opportunity to go home very few took advantage of the offer.



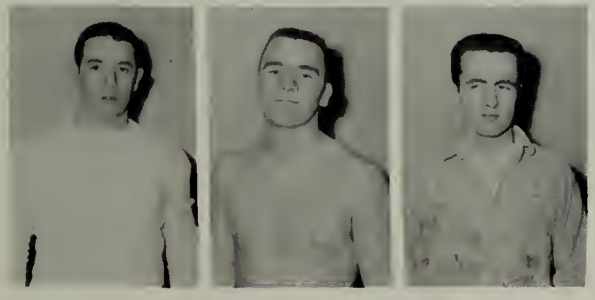
After we returned from our New York holiday, we made such a transition that we were left breathless. The understanding upper classmen who had looked after us so tenderly for the past year, those same fellows who had dried our tears, shared their food, and comforted us when things were tough, left the school, and we became second classmen.

Now the life of a second classmen was such an abrupt change that most of us had no idea what to do with our spare time. However, Ralph and his newly appointed leaders had many suggestions for us and we soon learned the real meaning of turn to.

It must be recalled that the class of 1960 had one of the finest groups of workers come maintenance days .Who will ever forget the lovable smile of the bosun and his crew when the "renegades" were assigned to him that brisk fall day of 58? Or the look of Repairman Thompson when he tried to accuse these same boys of attempted murder. Just a group of good, clean, American youngsters having a little fun on the Kon-Tiki, that's all it was. Attempted murder, My Word!!!! At any rate the paint incident established our spotless record and it seems we have carried this throughout our days here at M.M.A.

Amidst the hustle and bustle of all these changes, the Administration decided that it was again time for final exams sooo with about two hours warning, we commenced finals. The short notice apparently wasn't too fair, so the boys upstairs decided to assign a little maintenance in between exams so we would be well rested. Oh well, by this time we were used to sudden surprises and managed to squeeze by with the ever popular 2.5.

Soon, Fall and football were upon us and for most, two weekend liberties a month. Just about this time a certain letter reached our home office in Hyannis and incriminated a few first classmen on the unpleasant subject of hazing. Now we all know that there just isn't any hazing at M.M.A. but what a job trying to convince the Brass. Well the L.A.W. says there must be an investigation so we witnessed our first small scale inquistion. Luckily no one was found guilty and life went on as usual. As the holidays approached a group of irate 1st jobbers decided to take away some of our privileges. War



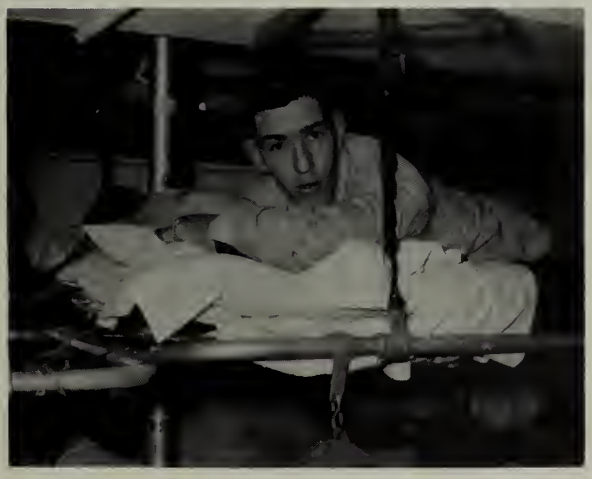
was on and as usual we felt the short end of the deal. The truce was signed Christmas Eve on the Rec Deck amidst boisterous carolers and festive noisemakers.

Cruise talk was in the air when we arrived back from the well deserved leave and it was all centered on a trip to the West Coast. Some of the Bomb spreaders still hung on to the Mediterranean but with the printing of our first Itinerary all arguments were settled. The West Coast was our destination and scrapping of our sister ship in the Reserve Fleet at Olympia, Wash. was our Goal. It was mainly a work cruise, still most of us managed to squeeze in a few good times in Los Angeles and Frisco. April of 59 found us boning up for our second class finals with only a few short months remaining before we would take over as First classmen. Finally July came and we said fond farewell to the departing first class. The moment had finally come. We were "upper Jobs."

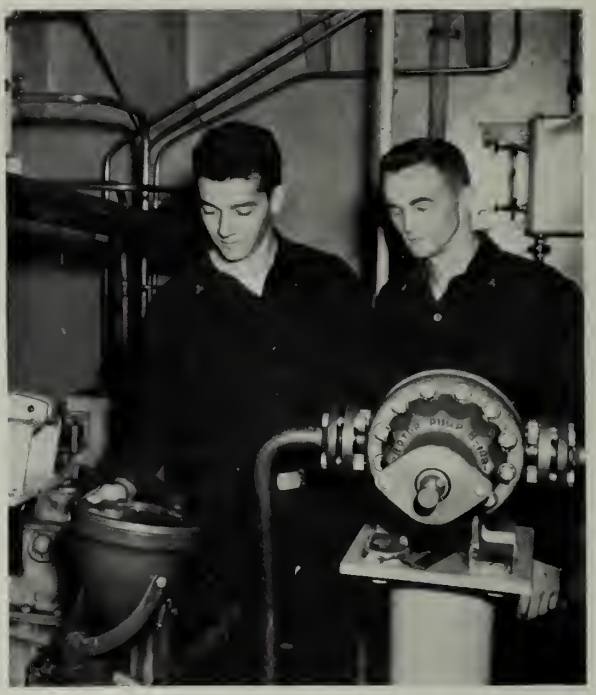
This was the moment we had been waiting for and it was hard to believe it was actually here. Now we had no liberty gripes (Hah) and life at the Bay was one big Blast (So we thought). At first the Novelty of 80 young toys, and a new found freedom, took up most of our spare time. However the thought of graduation and the mates was slowly creeping up in the back of our minds.

The football season wasn't too successful due to a lack of playing facilities. This, coupled with the loss of Coach Harrington, was a little too much for the Blue Devils, although throughout the entire season their spirit never died. In the face of such tremendous odds they must be commended for the effort they put out.

As October approached, talk was of the forthcoming Ring Dance. Finally the night arrived and the Class of "60" donned their dress whites for the first time. It was the night we will always remember for many years. Thanks to the Dance Committee and all who attended. When we arrived back at school following Ring Dance Weekend we started getting ready for Drydock. This being the annual period set aside for the ship to have her hull scrapped and painted.



There were many surprised faces when the contract was awarded to a New Jersey firm but with New York right across the river no one seemed to mind too much. Once again it was time for the members of the Staten Island Humane Society to do their annual good deed, and the "Fishing" poles were broken out as we readied ourselves for the short hop to the Big City.



After a rather uneventful nine days in the shipyard, the BAY STATE returned to her berth in Buzzards Bay and life went on in typical "gulch" fashion. Captains 'Mast drew unusually large crowds and the 1-50 list grew somewhat out of proportion.

Finals were coming up and so was the holiday leave period. Due to some faulty boiler tubes, and a proposed European Cruise, we were slated to spend the better part of the winter on Cape Cod, much to everyones dismay. The long awaited appearance of the Navy N-1 Jackets replacing the grubby peajackets enhanced our appearance somewhat and really came in handy the day of "The Big Snow." As a matter of fact we were really surprised to see so much snow on Taylors Point, owing to the fact that the weather here is usually warm and sunny (so the boggers say). Well, we survived the winter months, and March found us talking cruise.

Since this was to be our last cruise on the training ship, we were all hoping for good ports and smooth sailing. On March 14 we departed for Hamilton Bermuda on the first leg of what proved to be our finest cruise in three years.

Returning to the Bay we were now conscious of the really short time left before graduation. Most of us managed to squeeze in a little fun between studies, and the annual Spring Dance proved to be an extra good time for all who attended. At last July came and our last set of exams were upon us.

Who can explain the feelings we felt as we rode down pier road for the last time?, or the morning we sat for our Coast Guard Licenses. All have been committed to memory now and as we start our journey down the road of life, these memories will never leave us.

So long Mass Maritime and by the way THANKS.

The Muster

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY
BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

30 June 1960

Whenever one undertakes a project, such as the publication of a college annual, he is soon brought up short by the high costs involved. This fact was carried home to us in the early stages of production, when, to our dismay, we discovered that the MUSTER actually was in the red.

Happily, the advertisers in the following pages realized our goal was one of merit and provided us with the necessary financial backing to complete this edition. It is through them alone, that the needed funds were raised to cover our costs.

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Sincerely,

Paul W. Simpson

Paul W. Simpson,
Editor

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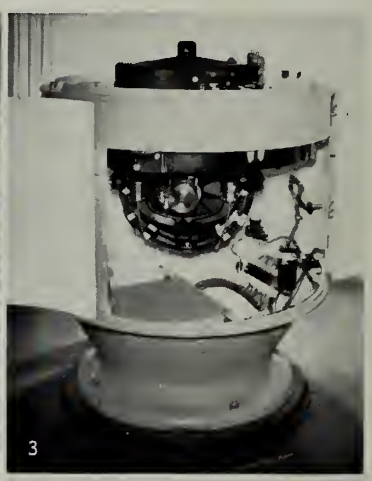

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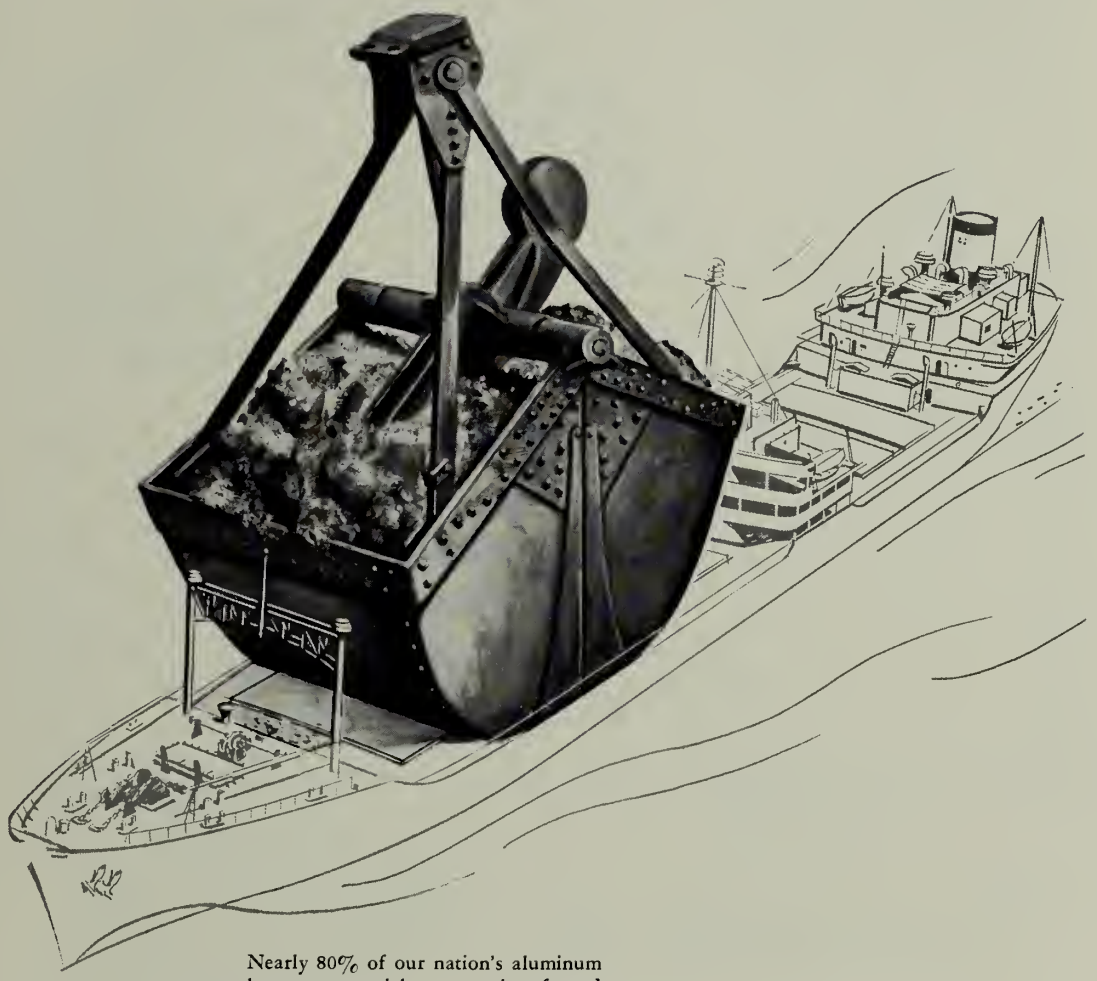

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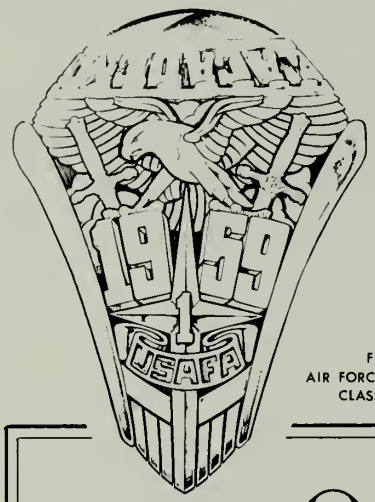

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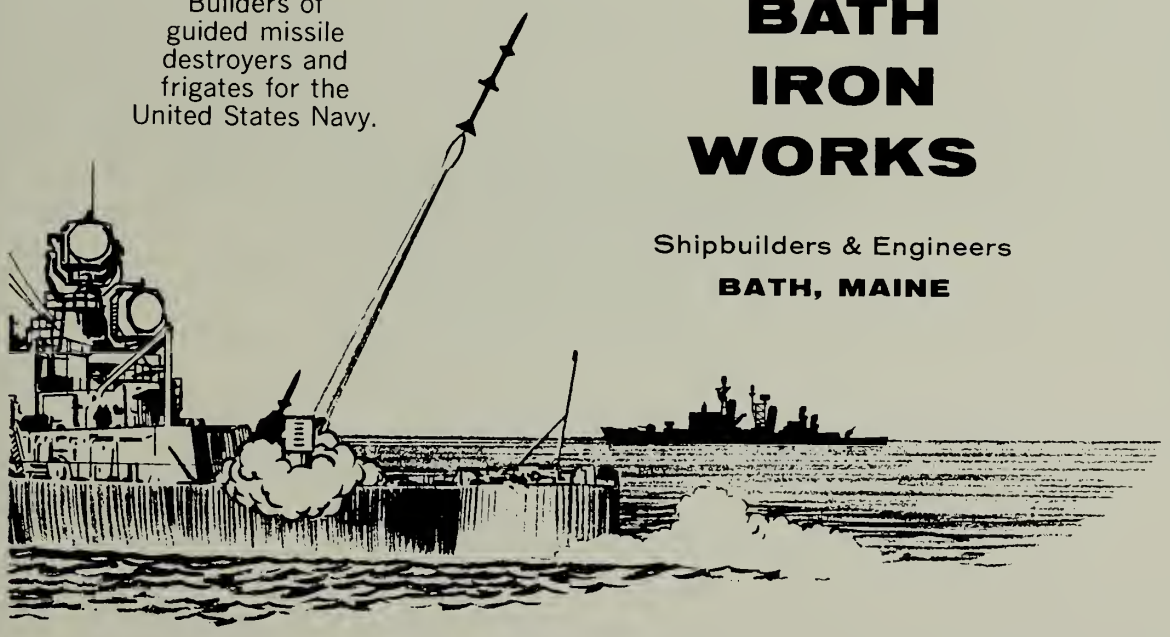

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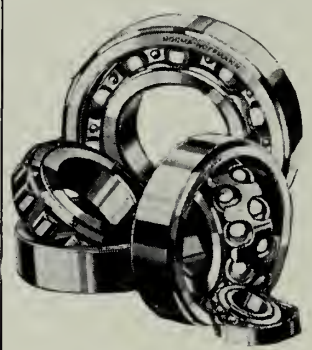

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